JUBILEE WEEK NUMBER.

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 443. FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 26TH, 1897. [ONE PENNY.

SINGER'S GIFT MACHINES. "SHORT STORIES" COUPON.

ANYBODY CAN APPLY. ONCE ONLY.

NO PAYMENT OF ANY KIND WHATEVER.

100 SEWING MACHINES, VALUE OVER £1,000,

Given away to celebrate the Queen's Long Reign.

Applications received only from residents in Great Britain and Ireland. Only one application accepted from any family during the whole period. Employees of the Company are excluded. The Company's decision is final in all cases.

☛ FIVE MACHINES AWARDED EACH WEEK FROM MARCH 29th.

For further particulars see "Pearson's Weekly," April 24th, or apply to SINGER'S BRANCHES.

Fill up this Coupon, or give same information by letter, and send at once to

The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

42 & 43, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

Full Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

Address (Street) .....

Town..... *County*.....

Have you a Sewing Machine? .....

What Make?..... *How old is it?*.....

Envelopes to be marked "GIFT MACHINES." Postage One Penny.

EVERYBODY SHOULD APPLY.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

These series of pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. An assorted sample box for 7 stamps from the works, Birmingham.

"I USED IT."

MOUSTACHES

Heavy and Handsome, Speedily Produced.

BALD PATCHES ERADICATED BY USING ESAULINE.

TESTIMONIALS DAILY.

POST FREE (secretly packed) in British Isles,

1/6, 3/-, and 5/- from

S. S. KNOWLES & CO., 30, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

10/6 HALF-GUINEA 10/6

COSTUMES

Allen Foster & Co

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

DESIGN No. 100. DESIGN No. 340.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

THE ALLEN FOSTER HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

Are acknowledged by thousands of delighted purchasers to be the very best Half-Guinea Costumes ever offered to the public. Made in the Allen Foster SPECIALITE SERGE, renowned for its durability and wear. COLOURS—Black, Navy, Electric, Myrtle, Brown, Bronze-Green, Ruby, Fawn, Drab, Cinnamon, etc. WRITE FOR PATTERNS. This attractive model, Design No. 100, consists of a tight-fitting bodice, prettily trimmed. The saddle and sleeves are lined. The skirt is cut full and fashionably. Design No. 340 is the fashionable up-to-date open-fronted Coat and Skirt. PRICE COMPLETE, 10/6. SKIRT ONLY, 5/6. REGULAR STOCK SIZES are 34in., 36in., and 38in. round bust (under arms). Skirts being 38in., 40in., and 42in. long in front. Larger or special sizes made to measure, 1/6 extra. When ordering please mention *Short Stories*. Each Costume securely packed and sent carriage paid, 9d. extra. Skirt only, 6d. extra.

Bankers: London and County, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers, 17, ROSCOE STREET, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

WANTED EVERY HOUSEWIFE TO

MAKE PRIME BEER AT HOME

(NON-INTOXICATING) with

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.

A Sixpenny Bottle of this Extract will make 8 gallons splendid

BEER.

TRY IT.

The Best Beverage to take with your Meals.

Important testimonial from a Station-master.

"CHURCH ROAD WEST, "HANWELL, W.

"DEAR SIRS,

"I have been using your Extract of Herbs the last ten months or so, and I have derived such great benefit from it I thought you would perhaps be pleased to hear from me. All my life I suffered much from Indigestion, but since the first time I used your Extract I have not had a single touch of it, and I am over 71 years of age. I have resided in Chester, Clitheroe, Birkenhead, Manchester, and Bolton, and no place altered my indigestion. I must give your Extract the credit for the relief.

"Yours truly,

"JAMES RYCROFT."

(Station-master at Clitheroe in 1852; in Goods Office, G.W.R., Shrewsbury, 1854 till 1857; in General Manager's Office, under J. Grierson, Wolverhampton, in 1857; at Chester, connected with Mr. Grierson, 1858 till 1864; at Paddington, 1865, and Station-master, Ross, Hereford, till 1885.)

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE, 9 STAMPS, 2 FOR 15 STAMPS.

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

Makers of Mason's Coffee Essence.

AGENTS WANTED.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

ANNUAL SALE SIX MILLION BOXES.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

ADVERTISERS should write for particulars of Special Positions.

WHY SUFFER FROM CORNS, BUNIONS, OR ENLARGED TOE-JOINTS, when a packet of **Thompson's Celebrated French Corn Plasters** will cure you? It is thin as silk, and can be worn with tightest boot. Post free for 14 stamps from M. F. THOMPSON, Homœopathic Chemist, 17, Gordon St., Glasgow. *Thompson's Guide to Health* post free.

BLACKHEADS or "Maggots," Pimples, Blotches, etc., immediately and permanently removed by my Skin Cleansing Lotion, "CUTISOLINE." Never fails. Hundreds of testimonials. Post free with directions, 1/6, 3/- and 5/-. AUSTIN LENNOX, Skin Specialist, 1, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, LONDON.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION

Ensured and a youthful and beautiful skin free from blotch, blemish, redness, roughness, pimples, or freckles, by using

DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL SOAP,

which contains special ingredients for beautifying the skin and complexion. It is most emollient and soothing, and can be used by those with the most delicate skin even when they are unable to use any other soap. Deliciously and expensively perfumed, and guaranteed absolutely harmless, and TO CONTAIN ARSENIC.

1/- per Tablet, or 3 in box, 2/6. Unscented, 6d.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, OR POST FREE FROM

S. HARVEY, 5, DENMAN ST., LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.

"**Mdme. Adelina Patti** finds Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap most excellent." Craig-y-nos Castle.

Florence St. John writes from Oxford Street, W.: "I have been using Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap for three months now. It was recommended by a friend, and I was so pleased with the result that I now use no other. You are at liberty to publish this letter."

Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, writes from 4, Hornton Street, Kensington, W.: "I find it delicious, and will certainly use no other."

Ellaline Terriss writes from the Gaiety Theatre: "I have tried Dr. Mackenzie's Complexion Soap. I think it is quite one of the best I have ever used, and can thoroughly testify to its excellence."

Dorothea Irving writes from Southampton Row, W.C.: "I have used your soap already for some time, and find it most soothing and refreshing to the skin."

Cynthia Brooke writes from Adelphi Theatre, London: "I consider Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap positively the best I have ever used for the complexion."

TO TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.

£20 See Illus. Guide and Catalogue 259 pages), 3d. "How to Open a Clear Stores, from £20 to £2,000." TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING Co., 188, Euston Road, London. (Over 50 years' reputation.) Manager, H. MYERS.

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY

BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay. Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented. Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains Removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

SILVER WATCHES GIVEN AWAY.

In commemoration of "Her Majesty's Record Reign," we intend presenting every person in the British Isles with a **SOLID SILVER WATCH** (listed at 42/-). To gain this, send the answer to above and a stamped addressed envelope to know if correct. If so, we simply stipulate that you shall purchase one of our English Silver Chains to wear with the Presentation Watch. Note.—Money refunded if dissatisfied.—**Finch & Co.,** 230, Strand, London.

S.S. S.S.

PEARSON'S

£100

COUPON.

June 26, 1897.

No. 27.

S.S. S.S.

S.S. S.S.

PEARSON'S

£100

COUPON.

No. 27.

June 26, 1897.

NEWSAGENTS

S.S. S.S.

A SUM of from 10s. to 20s. per week offered for spare time to either sex, everywhere; work can be done evenings.—Send addressed envelope to Box 60, Eclipse Works, 92A, Aldersgate Street, London.

FINEST CYCLES.

Lists of ROYAL AJAX and SILVER QUEEN CYCLES for Ladies and Gentlemen free. IMMENSE STOCK, New & Secondhand. Wonderful bargains. Carriage Paid. Easy Payments from 10s. monthly. Large discount for cash. 1 year's guarantee.—BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING Co., 45, Everton Rd., Liverpool; & SILVER QUEEN CYCLE Co., 221, Tottenham Court Road, London.

Digitized by Google

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

No. 443.] For the Week ending June 26th, 1897. [1D.

Men Who Have Made the Empire.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

V.—WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

IT is perhaps one of the most curious facts of our history that the Empire-Maker who, as it were, finally completed the work begun by his namesake, William the Norman, should, like him, have been a foreigner, should have sprung from similar ancestry, and should have been his exact reverse in every mental and physical quality save one—an inflexible determination to do the work which he was appointed to do in spite of every conceivable kind of obstacle.

It is noteworthy also that this man should have come from those same Low Countries from whose shores our Saxon ancestors had first come on their plundering forays to do their share of the work of making the English people. The ancestry of the great-grandson of William the Silent stretched far back, probably even into those remote and turbulent times, and it is within the limits of possibility that some stalwart ancestor of the ancient House of Nassau may himself have had something to do in the early making of that Realm, over which, a thousand years later, his descendant was to rule during one of the most critical and perilous periods of its existence.

Be this, however, as it may, the central fact which stands out in the story of William III. is this: Whatever his country or ancestry, he was, so far as we have any means of judging, the one man in the world just then who could have accomplished

All rights reserved.]

the difficult and, as it must often have seemed even to him, almost impossible task which had to be performed if the work of the other Empire-Makers who had gone before him was not to be sadly marred, if not altogether undone.

William of Orange may perhaps be most truthfully described as an overcomer of difficulties. Probably no other man ever had so many difficulties to conquer as he had, and his triumph over them is one of the finest examples of irresistible will-power and purely intellectual force that all History has to show. Mentally he was a giant, and as such he acquitted himself in what was undoubtedly a battle of giants fighting for the spoils of Europe. Physically he was a miserable weakling, shattered by disease, seldom free from bodily pain, and foredoomed from his youth by an exhausting and incurable malady.

Yet even his sports and pastimes were those, not only of a healthy, but even of a robust constitution. His pale, sickly, small-pox-pitted face never flushed save under the stimulus of battle or the chase. He fought his fight with Fate and won it by sheer intellectual force, yet none of the pleasures of intellect were his. He knew nothing of science, little of literature, and less of art.

Fitted, apparently, by Nature only for the pursuits of the study, he found his rare moments of real happiness when riding down a stag or a boar in the forests of Windsor or the woods of Flanders, or, sword in hand, leading his men wherever the battle was hottest or the danger the greatest. A creature of contradictions, in short, determined to make himself that which Nature had seemingly *not* made him, and to do that which he appeared least fitted to do.

No one possessing an intelligent grasp of the deplorable state of affairs which obtained in England, and the threatening aspect of matters on the Continent during the last decade but one of the 17th century, would have guessed for a moment that this "asthmatic skeleton," as Macaulay somewhat roughly describes his hero, was the man to turn England's weakness into strength, and even in defeat to grapple successfully with the colossal Power which was threatening the liberties of Europe.

In England the weakness and baseness of the two last Stuart kings had more than undone the work of the great Oliver. He had, as has been shown, made England one of the first Powers in the world, strong at home and respected and even courted abroad. Charles II. had sold his country, or at any rate his independence and what should have been his royal honour, to France. He had, in fact, exhibited to the world the disgraceful spectacle of an English king who was the pensioner of a foreign monarch.

The for-ever infamous Treaty of Dover had brought the prestige of England to its lowest ebb. For the first time in nearly seven hundred years the Isle Inviolate had been seriously threatened with invasion, and for the only time in their history the citizens of London had heard the sound of hostile guns. Now this of itself, taking the whole history of these islands into consideration, is a fact of absolutely unparalleled infamy, and yet if such infamy could have been equalled, the brother and successor of Charles II. would have done so. Indeed, from one point of view it may be said that he excelled it.

The guns of William's countrymen were heard in the Thames because Charles II., having his brother James for Lord High Admiral, had so scandalously wasted the funds which should have been devoted to the maintenance of the Navy that no adequate defence was really possible; but it was left for James II., the last and most contemptible, if not in all respects the worst king of the royal and miserable House of Stuart, to be the only British monarch who ever brought a foreign army on to British soil for the purpose of coercing by force the will of the British people. More than this, too, it must be remembered that these foreign troops were Frenchmen supported by regenade English, Irish, or Scotchmen, who had deliberately deserted their own country to serve under the standard of a man who was to the 17th century what Phillip II. of Spain had been to the 16th.

So low, then, had Britain sunk in the scale of nations when William of Orange made his entry upon the stage of British history. The fact which made his entry possible is hardly of the sort that would commend itself to people of a romantic turn of mind, although few romances have been really more romantic than his own life-story.

He could never have become King of England, nor is it likely that he could even have been offered the *rôle* of the protector of English liberties, had it not been for the fact that he was married to the daughter of James II., and of this marriage Lord Macaulay truly says: "His choice had been determined chiefly by political considerations, nor did it seem likely that any strong affection would grow up between a handsome girl of sixteen, well-disposed, indeed, and naturally intelligent, but ignorant and simple, and a bridegroom who, though he had not completed his twenty-eighth year, was in constitution older than her father; whose manner was chilling, and whose head was constantly occupied by public business or by field sports."

His marriage was, in short, "a marriage of convenience," and yet, in defiance of all the rules that are supposed to govern the most intimate of all human relationships, it was one of the best and, in the end, most devoted unions that History has to record. It is hardly possible to doubt that William of Orange married Mary Stuart because he saw with that keenly penetrating foresight of his that such a union would strengthen him in his life-long combat with the arch-enemy of his faith, his family, and his nation; and this enemy was that same Louis of France who had made Charles II. his pensioner, and was soon to make James II. his dependent.

To quote Lord Macaulay again: "He saved England, it is true, but he never loved her, and he never obtained her love. . . . Whatever patriotic feeling he had was for Holland . . . yet even his affection for the land of his birth was subordinate to another feeling which early became supreme in his soul, which mixed itself with all his passions and compelled him to marvellous enterprises, which supported him when sinking under mortification, pain, sickness, and sorrow . . . and continued to animate him even while the prayer for the departing was read at his bedside."

It was this hatred of France and her king which nerved him to do for the liberties of Europe and Great Britain what Francis Drake had done for England against Phillip of Spain, and in the doing of this he won the conspicuous glory of forcing the paymaster of the two English sovereigns whom he succeeded to make peace with him on equal terms, and this, too, although he lost more battles than he won, and had to surrender more strong cities than he took.

It is comparatively easy for a conqueror to take triumph out of victory, but it is a higher quality which patiently endures defeat and confronts disaster, and by

Digitized by Google

sheer genius wins triumph in the end. This is what William of Orange did, and it is from this fact that he deserves his title to be ranked among the Makers of that Empire to whose throne he came as an alien, and whose honour he restored and upheld, as one might say, in spite of herself.

So far as England is concerned, the male line of Stuart came in with a fool and went out with a coward. One does not even care to imagine what would have happened if James II. had remained on the throne; or if William of Orange, with his hereditary and deep-rooted hatred of Louis XIV. and his policy, had not come to take his most miserably vacated place in the nick of time.

The sentimentality which makes such a fuss about loyalty to persons as distinguished from loyalty to country, and the lawyer-quibbles which occupied men's minds in the dispute as to whether James II. was King *de facto* or *de jure*, or both, of the country from which he had run away like an absconding debtor, may be dismissed, just as Harold the Saxon's claims had been some six hundred years before. It is merely a question of the Fit and the Unfit, and James was Unfit.

James deserted his post as ruler of these realms because he found himself assailed by difficulties which the most ordinary ability ought to have overcome. William assumed the same position in the face of difficulties which only the highest qualities of kingcraft and statesmanship could have enabled him to successfully grapple with. In a word, James possessed no ideal that qualified him to be a king, much less an Empire-Maker. William *did* possess such an ideal, and that is the only reason why he became King of England, *vice* James Stuart, absconded.

Next, perhaps, to Henry VII., William was the most business-like sovereign who has occupied the British throne. With him all men and things, all beliefs and sentiments were subordinated to the achievement of the one great end—the curbing of the power of France, and consequently the furtherance of political and theological liberty in Europe. He was, in fact, only incidentally an Empire-Maker, although without him and without the broad and firm basis of popular liberty and national strength which he laid down, as it were, in the doing of his greater work, the building up of the Imperial fabric would undoubtedly have been long delayed and seriously impeded.

He got himself made King of Great Britain and Ireland, not because he wanted to occupy the throne, but because from that eminence he would be able to look the Grand Monarch more equally in the face. We get a luminous insight into the character of the man in his reply to the Convention or conference of the two Houses of Parliament which had proposed that his wife as actual and lawful heir to the throne which James had forsaken, should occupy it as queen, and that he should reign by her authority as a sort of Royal Executive.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, "no man can esteem a woman more than I do the Princess, but I am so made that I cannot think of holding anything by apron-strings, nor can I think it reasonable to have any share in the government unless it be put in my own person and that for the term of my life. If you think fit to settle it otherwise I will not oppose you, but will go back to Holland and meddle no more in your affairs."

That was the kind of man William of Orange was. He had come to be a king, and a king he would be or nothing. And so king he was, and it was not very long

Made him reel in his saddle.

before he was to show how well his self-confidence was justified. He had scarcely seated himself on the throne before the Parliament, recognising the fact that his work was something other than merely filling James's place, deliberately suggested that he should resume as King of England the hostilities which he had begun against Louis as Stadtholder of the Netherlands, and he on his part showed how ready he was to take up the task by exclaiming, in one of his rare bursts of exultation, after reading the address:

"This is the first day of my reign!"

This address, however welcome as it was, was somewhat belated. For more than a month before it was presented, Louis, under the pretence of helping the runaway, whom for his own purposes he affected to believe still lawful King of England, had committed the gravest of all acts of war, and James had crowned the disgrace of his flight by the infamy of heading an invasion of British territory by foreign mercenaries. On the 12th of March, 1689, he landed at Kinsale as enemy and invader of his own country, convoyed by

Making the best of his way to Dublin.

fifteen French men-of-war, and supported by 2,500 French troops.

The story of this Irish war needs no re-telling here, save in so far as it brings out the contrast between William and James as the Fit and the Unfit for the doing of that work which had just then got to be done if England was not to sink back to the degrading position of a French dependency, and if the way of future progress and Imperial expansion was to be left open. William no sooner saw that the scene of the fight for constitutional liberty and religious freedom had shifted for the time being from the Low Countries to Ireland than he sent Marshal Schomberg, who was then one of the most skilful soldiers in Europe, with an army of sixteen thousand men to the scene of action.

Meanwhile the heroically stubborn resistance which has won immortal fame for the men of Londonderry had proved, not only to James and his foreign mercenaries, but to Louis himself and all Europe, that the struggle which was just renewed was no mere war of dynasties, and that something very much greater than the mere question as to who should be King of England had got to be decided before the trouble was over.

James in Ireland and Louis in France stood for the already discredited and exploded doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule as they pleased because they were the sons of their fathers; for the dark tyranny of Rome, now almost equally discredited; and for the domination of Europe by the French autocracy. In Holland and England and Germany William and his allies stood for the very reverse of all this, so that it was not only the destinies of the United Kingdom, but those of the greater part of the civilised world that had to be decided, and it was by procuring through mingled victory and defeat, confronted by powerful enemies abroad and by conspiracy and threatened assassination at home, that the worthy descendant of William the Silent proved his real right divine as king of these realms and champion of those principles of which the British Empire of to-day is the concrete expression.

It was really on the shores of an insignificant Irish stream that William fought and won the battle of European liberty. But before he did this he had another battle to fight, as it were, in front of his newly-given throne.

His reign, unhappily, saw the commencement of that system of government which an intelligent Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James once described as "the election of one party to do the business of the nation, and of another to stop them doing it." In other words, it was William's fate, among all his other difficulties, to have to contend with the bitter and usually dishonest strife of Parliamentary parties, and so keen did this strife become after the foreign enemy had actually landed on British soil, that he was even then on the point of throwing up the whole business in disgust, and going back to Holland to fight his battles out there

What would have happened if he had done so is anything but a pleasant subject for speculation. Happily, at the eleventh hour he refused to acknowledge himself beaten. Sick of the strife of words, and longing for the reality of deeds, he announced his intention to place himself at the head of the English forces in Ireland, "and with the blessing of God Almighty endeavour to reduce that kingdom that it may no longer be a charge to this." In this we may see more than the expression of a pious hope. As statesman and soldier William had seen that Ireland was the back-door of Great Britain, and that so long as it remained open, so long would the whole kingdom be vulnerable to foreign invasion, and so he went to close it.

It was a strange position for any man to be placed in. He was going to fight for everything that he held dear. He knew that if he lost in Ireland he must lose also in England and the Netherlands, but he was also going to fight against the father of the woman whom he had now come to love so dearly that her death, when it happened, came nearer to wrecking his imperial intellect than all the other trials and troubles of his laborious and almost joyless life. He had no feeling of personal enmity against James as he had against Louis, and it was duty and duty alone which took him to the Irish War. Almost the last words that he said to his wife concerning the enemy that he was about to meet on the battlefield were:

"God send that no harm may come to him!"

Mr. Traill has thus tersely summed up the condition of affairs at the moment: "Ireland in the hands of a hostile army, the shores of England threatened by a hostile fleet, a dangerous conspiracy only detected on the eve of success, a formidable insurrection imminent in the country he was leaving behind him . . . ." And yet, gloomy as the outlook seemed, his spirits rose as they ever did when he saw the moment for doing instead of talking draw near, and Bishop Burnett tells us that he said to him on the eve of his departure: "As for me,

but for one thing, I should enjoy the prospect of being on horseback and under canvas again, for I am sure that I am fitter to direct a campaign than to manage your Houses of Lords and Commons."

These were words well worthy of the man who, not many days later, quietly sat down to breakfast in the open air beside Boyne Water, within full sight of the enemy and within easy range of their guns. Breakfast over, he mounted his horse and was promptly fired at. The first shot from two field pieces which had been trained on him and his staff killed a man and two horses. The second grazed his shoulder, and made him reel in his saddle.

"There was no need for any bullet to come nearer than that," was his remark on the occurrence. Certainly not many bullets have ever come nearer to changing the history of Britain, and therefore of the British Empire, than that one.

After the wound had been dressed, instead of taking the rest which a good many strong men would have taken, this consumptive and asthmatic invalid remounted his horse and remained until nightfall in the saddle, making his dispositions for the battle of the morrow, and attending to every detail himself. His prudent uncle and father-in-law, apparently bent on fulfilling William's pious wish, was meanwhile taking very good care to keep himself out of harm's way.

On the day of the battle, which, as everyone knows, was the 1st of July, brought out with startling clearness the contrast between the man who was king in his own right and the man who called himself king because his name was James Stuart.

"Men of Enniskillen, what will you do for me?" he cried at the critical moment of the fight, when Caillemot and Schomberg, his two best captains, had been killed, and he, drawing his sword and swinging it aloft with his wounded arm, led his trusty Dutch guards and Ulstermen against the Irish centre. James, meanwhile, having watched the first part of the fight on which all his fortunes depended from the safe eminence of the Hill of Donore, had already given up for lost the day which he had done nothing to win, and was making the best of his way to Dublin, whence, in due course, leaving the beaten and demoralised rabble that had once been his army to its fate, he fled to the congenial ignominy of his safe retreat at St. Germains and the fostering care of his country's worst enemy.

The Battle of the Boyne not only settled the fate of the Stuart dynasty for good; it decided the question whether this country was to be ruled by a feeble despotism under the patronage of France, or by that constitutional monarchy under which Great Britain has so worthily proved her title to be called the Mother of Free Nations, and in winning this battle and deciding this all-important question, William of Orange won the right to be counted among the wisest and strongest of our Empire-Makers. The disgusted Irishmen, too, had some reason on their side when they said to the victors after the battle: "Change leaders and we'll fight you again!"

The story of his wars in those countries which have been aptly termed the cockpit of Europe is the story of the continuation of that work which he came to England to do; not, as has already been pointed out, for England as a country, but for the establishment of those principles for which the British constitution, of which he was one of the makers, stands. Ignorant or prejudiced critics have accused him of sacrificing English blood and treasure to the furtherance of his own ambition. The fact is that he employed them upon the best and most necessary work that there was for them to do just then.

"Look at my brave English!" he said to the Elector of Bavaria one day during the siege of Namur, while a British regiment was carrying the outworks on one side of the city. But they were doing more than carrying earthworks. They were fighting for the principles which their descendants crowned with everlasting glory at Trafalgar and Waterloo. They were showing the soldiers and generals of France, then held to be the best in the world, the sort of stuff that they were made of, and giving promise of future prowess that was soon to be splendidly redeemed at Blenheim and Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet.

It was a singular war, and by all the rules of warfare the issue should have been the reverse of what it was. But again and again William's wonderful genius and indomitable persistence snatched victory out of defeat, and turned disaster into advantage, until at last the Grand Monarch himself had to confess the power of the enemy whom he had once thought so insignificant, and the signing of the Treaty of Ryswick left William triumphant if somewhat dissatisfied.

The results would no doubt have been much greater if William could have had his own way, and if the strife of parties in the British Parliament had not so sorely crippled him. But at least he had the satisfaction of knowing before he died that, whereas a few months before the French men-of-war had with impunity insulted and threatened the English coasts, and landed a small army on Irish soil, a few months afterwards every invader had been driven from British ground, and the French fleet almost destroyed, while the Mediterranean, on which British ships had sailed only by sufferance, was now well on the way to becoming a British lake.

And yet, in spite of all the triumphs that he had won over so many difficulties and so many dangers, and in spite of the consciousness of work well and nobly, if quietly and unostentatiously done, William's last days, like those of many another man who has deserved well of the world, were full of sorrow and suffering.

The death of his now adored queen had so shaken his mighty nature that for some days his reason was despaired of, and there can be no doubt but that it hastened his own end. And yet, weak and far advanced in disease as he was when he went out for that fatal ride from Kensington to Hampton Court, he was even then going a-hunting. The brutal Jacobite toast: "To the little gentleman in black velvet who works underground!" still serves to remind us of the mole-hill over which his horse stumbled and fell, breaking his rider's collar-bone, and inflicting the death-wound which he had escaped on a score of battle-fields.

His death was worthy of his life, for it was the death of a brave, patient man and a Christian gentleman. No doubt he himself would have preferred to have died at the head of a charge, or in the thick of an assault on a French fortress, but his destiny ordered it otherwise, and the man who had a hundred times faced death in the most reckless fashion for the purpose of inspiring his followers with his own courage and enthusiasm, died quietly in his bed, leaving behind him the greatest work ever done by an individual British sovereign and a fame which, but for the one dark and inexplicable blot of Glencoe, is as fairly entitled to be called spotless as that of any man who ever sat upon a throne and accomplished great things with such means as came to his hand.

Digitized by Google

A BASE BETRAYAL.

A Story of Italian Life.

TOWARDS the close of the reign of Victor Emanuel, the number of poachers in the Aosto, Cogne, and Soana Valleys had increased to such an extent, that the King adopted the expedient of enrolling some of them in his corps of gamekeepers—*guardaboschi*, as they were called. This gave them an opportunity of getting some game from time to time without the risk—for the King found it advisable to wink at such offences.

These converts, knowing the tricks of the poachers, made it difficult for their former friends to carry on the old trade.

A deadly feud existed, therefore, between the keepers and poachers, and many a fight took place on the heights above. Frequently a cry of pain, which re-echoed faintly in the valley, and made the women's hearts beat more quickly, came from a human throat.

Those who were acquainted with this state of things would naturally have been surprised had they seen, early one morning in the summer of 1877, a notorious poacher in earnest and confidential conversation with one of the keepers. They were speaking for about ten minutes, the result of their talk being evidently satisfactory to both.

"What about the game, Luvoni?"

"You shall have time to get it. I shall shoot all the game I want for one day!" replied the keeper with a meaning smile. "I owe both Amoretti and his Caterina a grudge. She was partial to me till *he* came. We'll see who'll get the best of the bargain! Twelve o'clock, you say?"

"Yes, we shall up above at twelve," replied Bettini.

And they parted.

At eleven o'clock that same morning, Vicenzo Amoretti was bidding his sweetheart good-bye in the street of the little village in the Cogne Valley. Caterina had endeavoured to persuade him to give up this expedition; there had been a sharp fight between keepers and poachers on the preceding day, and she had gloomy forebodings of danger for her lover; but Amoretti only laughed at her fears and kissed her.

"You are nervous, little one!" he said gently. "If we leave it till to-morrow the offer will not hold good. It is a good price to pay for three or four animals, and it's worth risking a little for."

He left her trying to keep back the tears which rushed to her eyes, and hurried forward to join his comrade, Bettini, who was waiting for him.

The two men ascended the mountain leisurely, keeping a sharp look-out for keepers. There was one place where there was always good shooting; that was on the Cogne side of the Gran Paradiso, an awkward spot to get at. In form it resembled a great horseshoe, looking down on a path known as the Pass. Neither huntsmen nor poachers often ventured so far, and the deer fed practically in safety. But Amoretti and his companion were the most daring poachers of the district and they were bound for that spot—the Nuova ridge.

As they drew near the ridge, the fresh tracks in the thin layer of snow (which always cover the mountain except on the very hottest summer day) gave promise of good sport. They cocked their guns and trod silently and cautiously forward. They had barely set foot on the Nuova when a startled cry rang out in the morning air, and about a dozen chamois, scared at the appearance of the men, ran hither and thither on the ridge in vain search for some way of escape.

Four shots from two double-barrelled guns. Four of the animals tumbled over the edge of the Nuova into the Pass beneath; three were hit and one tumbled over from fright. The others, mad with fear, made a desperate rush past the two men and escaped. It was a splendid haul! They were spared the trouble of getting the creatures down the mountain! No wonder the men smiled contentedly!

Amoretti walked to the edge, and resting on his gun, looked over into the Pass. A second later a shot resounded on the heights, and with a cry of pain he sank down on the very edge of the Nuova. He half raised himself with a groan, and clutched fiercely at his gun.

He saw his companion scrambling down the uneven ground, leaving him to his fate; then he fell back again, insensible.

It was two hours later when Amoretti came to himself. A bullet had struck him in the leg, and he had lost a quantity of blood; but the intense cold had congealed the blood around the wound and so saved him from bleeding to death. He was benumbed with cold and could hardly move his limbs, but he managed to grope in his pocket for a small flask of brandy, a draught of

Digitized by Google

which sent the blood tingling in his veins. He dragged himself, not without considerable pain, to a piece of rock and propped himself against it.

He tried to realise his position. Where was Bettini? Surely he had not left a comrade in such a plight—to die from exposure and exhaustion on the snow-tipped mountain? No! He would not be so black-hearted! The keepers had left him, too, which was not usual; they generally tried to capture the poachers, and more than one of the *guardaboschi* would have been glad to catch Amoretti red-handed. But Bettini would come back! He had gone for help, of course!

He began to feel cold; his leg was throbbing and causing him great pain. He chafed his limbs and did what he could to keep warm, but every movement seemed to make his wound more painful. Why was Bettini so long? Hark! Someone was coming behind him! He tried to twist round to welcome Bettini, and to his surprise the keeper, Luvoni, stepped in front of him.

The two men looked at each other for a second, intense hatred plainly visible on each face.

"So I've brought you down at last!" said Luvoni, with a triumphant smile.

"Well?" asked Amoretti, assuming an indifferent air.

"I swore to have revenge on you for taking Caterina from me," said the keeper, "and at last my opportunity has come."

"I did not take Caterina from you," returned the wounded man. "She acted of her own free will. Do you think that sweet creature would mate with *you?*"

"I could have killed you," hissed Luvoni, stung by his rival's words, "but I had a better plan. Death in that way was too easy. I want you to suffer, to die by inches! And you will! You are helpless here; Bettini will not come back! You will die by inches, I say—do you hear? And to-morrow Caterina can have her lover if she wants him!"

And with an oath he left the wounded man to his fate.

Left to die like a dog! He could see it all now; it had been planned between Bettini and his rival! Oh, the treacherous hound! Oh, for one grip at his throat, just one minute! Was there no help for him? Where was it to come from? His heart sank within him at his utter helplessness. Caterina's forebodings were realised. He writhed in rage and agony. Could he do nothing—*nothing?*

In his desperation he dragged himself again to the edge of the Nuova and screamed aloud for help, in the hopes that someone might hear him in the Pass. He saw a man's form, with a load on his shoulder. The man stopped abruptly and looked upwards; then he began to run off. At first Amoretti's heart leapt for joy, but the next instant it sank like lead. The form was that of Bettini; he was sure of it—and he was carrying away the game! Lost! lost!

For hours Amoretti lay on the icy-cold Nuova, alternately imploring the help of Heaven and reviling the two men who had plotted against his life. Night came on, his body was benumbed, the pain of his wound was almost unbearable. He became delirious and raved aloud. His sufferings culminated in the early hours of the morning when, in a frantic attempt to descend the ridge, the mental and physical agony drew from him a horrible, inhuman cry, and he fell senseless.

* * * * *

It was nearly midnight when Caterina retired to her room. She made no attempt to undress; rest and sleep were out of the question. Amoretti had not returned! He had promised to meet her in the evening, but he had not come, and she could gain no news of her lover or his companion. Had they been caught she would have heard. Had her presentiment come true? Had anything happened to her lover?

Luvoni, the keeper, who lived in the next village, had met her in the street and had begun a conversation with her, but she had quickly closed it. She now remembered, with a pang, that as she had left him she had noticed something like an expression of glee—of triumph even—in his eyes. Something *had* happened to her lover.

She sat by the window, staring into the darkness, conjuring up all kinds of horrors, her eyes blurred with tears, her brain on fire, unconscious of the flight of time.

What was that? A faint wail struck her ear. Was it fancy? No! She sprang up, her whole frame trembling. It was her lover in distress—she was sure of it—up there on the Nuova! She would save him! She did not stop to consider the difficulty of the task; she quickly put on her hat and cloak, seized a stick and a small flask of brandy, and ran out of the house.

The ascent of the mountain was rough work for a woman, but this was no ordinary occasion. Fear and devotion gave her strength. Several times she had to stop, but she went on again in the grey light of dawn, keeping ever on the watch for some trace of Amoretti. At length, after many slips and narrow escapes, she caught sight of a prostrate figure, and with a mingled cry of joy and terror she hurried to the side of her unconscious lover.

* * * * *

Bettini felt very uncomfortable as he made his way home on the following afternoon. The Pass, reputed to be haunted, was now doubly so for him, and he hurried onwards to get through the dread place while the light lasted. His superstitious fears increased as he neared the spot where he had seen Amoretti's head as the deserted man had peered over the top. He quickened his steps almost to a run. He had traversed half the length of the Pass, his head bent lest he should see something, when a rustling sound caused him to look up. He dropped his gun, his hair stood on end, and his blood seemed to freeze in his veins; for there in front of him stood the ghost of the man he had betrayed. For one moment he stood paralysed with horror; then with an indescribable yell he turned and fled.

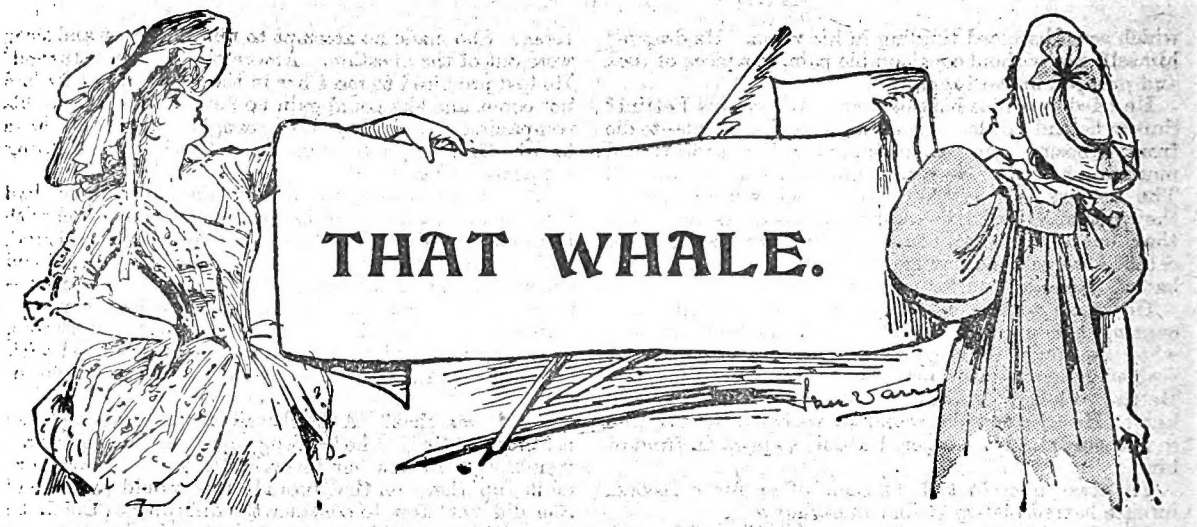
Amoretti smiled in ferocious glee. He was sitting on a piece of rock, where Caterina had left him to go forward for help. All day long they had toiled at the descent, a few steps at a time, taking the longest way because it was the easiest. Caterina would get him to the bottom before going for help.

She had brought him to consciousness, bound up his wound, and given him food which she had found in his wallet; then, when he felt able to move a few steps, the wearying descent had been commenced. Neither could ever properly describe what they had gone through, but it was sufficient for them that they had accomplished the task.

It was two months before Amoretti was able to get about, and then Caterina persuaded him to join the *guardaboschi*. Luvoni disappeared from Cogne; Bettini lost his reason after that meeting in the Pass, and is now in an asylum.

George Day.

Digitized by Google



THAT WHALE.

"No, sir," he said, "I was not always so low down in the world as this. There was a time when I conducted the orchestra in a menagerie! Ah! To think that I should come to this! But it was all through that whale!"

He was a poor wretch, who came to the café from time to time and scraped his violin until the customers, in self defence, gave him a few coppers to get rid of him. I had been extra liberal on that occasion, for the reason that I was in a thoroughly bad temper; but instead of going as usual, he ordered some absinthe and seated himself opposite me.

I uttered a growl in reply to his observation. He evidently regarded it as a sign of approval, for he continued in the following terms:

"Yes, it is all through that whale. When I finished my studies at the Conservatoire, where I won three first prizes for music, I set out to look for a first-class position. There was not one vacant; but after waiting and trying for a time, I succeeded in obtaining the post of conductor—h'm—at Mesuron's menagerie. You should have seen me there playing the 'Indian March' whi'e Mesuron—he was a lion tamer—put his head into the lion's mouth! It was grand! It was my music that drew the people! And Mesuron, who was a go-ahead man, knew how to make the most of my genius. I was starred on the bills as an Italian first of all; then he turned me into a German when the fashion changed; and no doubt he would have Russianised my name in time if he had lived. But he died!"

He heaved a big sigh and took a sip of absinthe. I let him go on; I wanted to hear about the whale.

"One day Mesuron bought a whale; not a large one—a medium whale, so to speak—as an extra attraction for the menagerie. He was always on the look-out for novelties. The creature was a great nuisance whenever we shifted our quarters, but there is no denying that it proved an attraction.

"Soon after this, Mesuron caught a chill, which carried him off, and the menagerie became the property of his brother, who had been a partner in the concern. Alfredi—his name was Alfred, but that did not sound so well—had never been favourably disposed towards the whale; in fact, the two had nearly quarrelled about it, but the elder man had had his way. The whale had remained Mesuron's own property; he paid for its keep and took an extra share of the profits, which he regarded as additional takings due to the attracton of the 'cetacean,' as he was fond of calling it.

"When Mesuron's will was read, it was found that he had left the whale to *me*. Alfredi was furious; he had expected to have it, no doubt because he knew that it brought money to the business. He tried to persuade me to give it up to him, but I refused unless he took me as a partner. He would not agree to this, and gave me notice to go—with my whale. It was not a written notice; it was in very bad language."

He stopped and took another sip at his absinthe. He began to feel more at ease presumably; he dived his hand into his pocket and drew out a cigarette, which he lighted and smoked with an air of enjoyment.

"I hired a shed on a piece of waste ground and had my legacy removed to this structure, while I made arrangements to dispose of it. I did not want it myself; if I could get someone to give me a lump sum for it, I thought that I should do better than trying to run a show on my own account. I used to go every day about twelve or one o'clock to feed it.

"About a week after it had been removed to the shed, I went as usual to feed the animal—I suppose it's an animal?—I found the doors broken in and the whale gone, tank and all.

"When I recovered from my surprise, I rushed off to the police station as fast as my legs would carry me and stated what had occurred.

"'Mr. Inspector,' I said, out of breath, 'I've been robbed.'

"He took his pen from behind his ear wearily, and said: 'What have you lost?'

"'A whale,' I answered.

"'A what? You mean whalebone,' he exclaimed.

"'No, I don't!' I replied angrily. 'It's a real whale.'

"'Stuffed?'

"'No, a live one! At least it was alive yesterday.'

"The intelligent officer opened his book and prepared to make notes.

"'Stolen from your bedroom, eh?' he observed.

"'From its own bedroom,' I cried. 'From a big shed where I had put it.'

"The officer made a note and continued:

"'I must have a full detailed description of the stolen object.'

Digitized by Google

"That upset me entirely. I know a whale when I see one, but to give a full description of a creature which you have only glanced at as it played about in the water is an entirely different thing. I said so.

"'That complicates matters very much,' said the inspector; 'we really must have a full description or I'm afraid we can do nothing. There are such a lot of whales about; and if we take up the wrong one, the newspapers will make no end of a fuss—they always do. Well, well! At what time was the robbery committed?'

"'I left the shed at one o'clock yesterday,' I replied, 'and when I went there to-day at twelve, the whale was gone.'

"'Twenty-three hours start!' grumbled the inspector. 'Why they may be out of the country by this time! You can get a long way in a day.'

"I tried to point out that the robbers could not make much progress when encumbered with a whale in a tank, but the intelligent inspector interrupted me by a wave of his hand.

"'I think it highly probable,' he continued, looking thoughtfully in front of him, 'that your whale strayed away of its own accord.'

"'What! A whale?' I asked. 'That's very improbable.'

"'Not at all!' answered the inspector sharply. 'People do all kinds of wild and improbable things.'

"I ventured to suggest that the tank might embarrass it, but he took no notice.

"'Is it the whale or the robber that you wish to get hold of?' he asked.

"'The whale, of course; but it seems to me that if you find one you must find the other.'

"'Oh, dear, no!' he exclaimed. 'In murder cases, for instance, we find the bodies, but not the assassins.'

"I agreed with him that they did not find the culprits in such cases, but I thought it better not to say so. I left him after a few more words, feeling very much grieved! for I was convinced that the police would never discover my treasure.

"That evening I strolled instinctively towards the old show. As I drew near I saw a large poster. I read it and gasped for breath. It was an announcement that the whale was being exhibited! It was *my* whale, I was sure of it! What was I to do? At first I felt that I must rush in and claim it, but I reflected that I might get into trouble for making a disturbance. Finally I resolved to wait until the morning and go to the police.

"I went to the station in good time on the following morning and saw the inspector. But before I could say a word, he growled out:

"'You're a nice one! Coming here and talking about having a whale stolen from you. Why, *you* stole it from somebody else! You had better be off or you may find yourself in a tight place!'

"And in spite of of my protestations, I was obliged to get out of the station or he would have run me in for stealing my own whale! Alfredi had been at work, that was clear. In my rage I committed a foolish act; I went to a lawyer. The end of it was that I began a civil suit against Alfredi to recover possession of my whale."

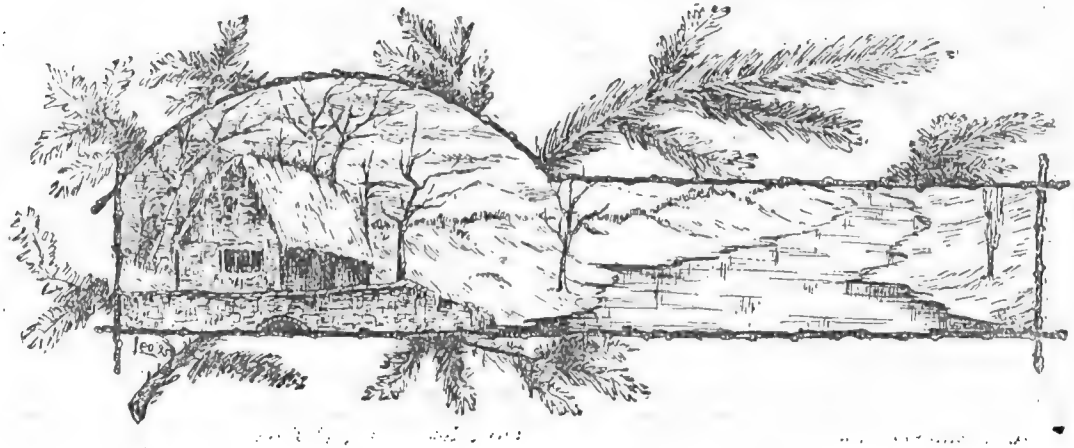
The narrator stopped, and I said "Well?" for want of something better. He gently pushed his glass towards me, but I affected not to notice it.

"The suit came on about a month afterwards. The judge listened to my side of the case with evident disbelief. When the defence began, the solicitor produced a sworn document to the effect that the whale had died on the previous afternoon. The judge said he thought that the best way to settle the dispute now was to dismiss the case and make each pay his own costs. That decision apparently suited Alfredi, and I had no money to appeal.

"So the result was that I was ruined by the payment of the costs. And that is why you see me playing in this café. I cannot get a situation; all the impresarios are down on me on account of my suit against Alfredi—I know it is so, although they pretend that they won't employ me because I can't play. I, the one who held the audience spell-bound with my 'Indian March' in Mesuron's menagerie! And it's all through that whale. I thought it was to make my fortune, and it ruined me."

I waited to hear no more. As I left the café I heard a big sigh, and something that sounded like "that whale."

G. D.



Google

THE EYE OF THE SUN

By Fred Whishaw, *Author of "A Boyar of the 'Terrible.'"*

SUMMARY.

The story is told by a 'Varsity man, who, seeking adventure, joins Jameson in his raid against the Matabeles. During a brush with the enemy, Joe Wright, a fellow trooper, meets with his death-wound, and, before expiring, bequeaths a satchel containing his life history and the revelation of a wonderful secret to the narrator, who continues the story in the words of the written confession of his dead comrade. Some years previously, Wright had been a private in a Royal Rifle regiment, stationed in Rajpore, India. He and three companions made a midnight raid on a Hindoo temple, in order to steal a diamond of exceptional value and beauty, situated in the forehead of an idol.

In the attempt the soldiers kill one of the guardian priests. A trap-door in front of the idol opens under the feet of Johnny Phelps, who disappears, and the party return to the barracks without having obtained the gem.

Later on, they buy a *fac-simile* of the "Eye of the Sun" from a merchant in a bazaar. With this they return to the temple and substitute the dummy for the genuine jewel.

CHAPTER VII.

The Fox Outfoxed.

The following day friend Jake began to talk to me after parade.

"We did that business pretty cleverly t'other night!" he said; "you and I."

"And Alf!" I added.

"Alf!" repeated Jake scornfully; "it was a rotten day for us, my son, when we took *that* idiot into partnership; *he's* no good to us—only a danger! I wish to Heaven he was out of it! Let's chuck the fool altogether; there's enough to make two men rich, fair and square, in this little lot. We don't want a third hand in it! What's he ever done to share it with us?—Nothing!"

"No, no, Jake; none of that!" I said. "I don't like Alf, and I think him a poor spirited creature, but, dash it all, man, a share of the profits is his own and he has as much right to his as we to ours!"

"I was only joking," said Jake forcing a laugh.

"What about keeping the Glory?" I asked presently; "you see, you've rather given yourself away, Jake, by suggesting that we should swindle Alf out of his share of our find; how am I to know after this that you and he won't plot against *me*?"

"What, I!" exclaimed Jake in accents most indignant; "I'd scorn the action, Joseph; you ought to know me better than that; and as for the Glory, why here it is, and you may have your turn at keeping it!"

To my surprise, Jake actually produced the diamond and placed it in my hand.

I say I was surprised, because I had not thought that the fellow would make this move, and I did not understand it. I never made the mistake of supposing him to be even temporarily honest, but I could not discern his game.

"I've been talking it over with Alf," Jake continued, "and we have agreed, subject to your opinion as an equal partner with ourselves, that the fair and square way with this here diamond is that each of us should have the keeping of it for three days at a stretch, taking turn about, and bound to produce it when asked to show it, *if* asked," added Jake with a leer, "though I hope none of us will be so mean as to suspect one another of fraud."

"It wouldn't be much good, would it?" I said with a laugh, "suspecting one another of parting with the thing here, where it's known; the only chance would be to get clean away with the diamond, and that would not be so easy."

"Pretty nigh impossible, I take it!" he said.

"Well, Jake, I should certainly keep a goodish look out on *you*, you know, or on Alf, while either of you had the jewel; and I dare say you'd do the same while I had it! Hang it, man, let's be natural, you're not so blooming high above suspicion as all that; I know you pretty well, Jake Daws, and I'm going to keep my eye on you and Alf, too, for I wouldn't trust either of you into the next street!"

"Right," said Jake, smiling very disagreeably; "then that's it, is it, and we arn't to be friendly and trusting, as partners should be, but suspicious and unpleasant? So be it then, sonny; and as it is to be so I'll just tell you this: Alf and I are afraid that you are one of those pious, white-livered idiots that do the devil's work with a prayer on their lips and a mouse's heart underneath, that makes them afraid of what they've done the moment they *have* done it; it's men like you that turn Queen's evidence and hang their friends, and Alf and I are not sure about you, because, as I say, we consider you a darned fool. But we have you, sonny, on toast; for since you murdered that priest——"

"*I*—I murdered the priest?" I stammered. "You infernal liar, Jake! What are you driving at now?"

"Where's the lie?" he said; "if anyone's the liar it's yourself, and you know it! You murdered that Josser, and you know it well enough, and so does Alf, and so do I; and what I say is this, that we don't stand no nonsense, Alf and me, and though we want to live on good terms with you, the first time you show yourself nasty or dangerous—well, we have you in hand and we shan't spare you."

"I see," I said; "all right, Jake, you needn't be afraid; I should gain nothing by giving you and Alf away; you'd better see I don't run away with the diamond, that's more to the point, as I've got it in my pocket. I'm not going to split if I did, we should all hang for that priest, my friend, whether you killed him or I."

"That may be or may not," said Jake; "meanwhile you can be sure we shall take care you don't give us the slip while it's your turn to keep the swag. You are such a darned fool, you see, that there's no knowing what you mightn't try to do. To-day's Sunday, and on Tuesday coming your keep of the jewel's over and Alf's turn begins. Lord help you if you try any games with us! I'd chuck the jewel for the pleasure of seeing you hang, any day!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Jake!" I said. "You'd sell your soul for the thing, and you know it. Well, you shall see it again on Tuesday night, don't fret; I'm a partner in this business and I'm not going to wreck the ship while the cargo's in it."

"Right," said Jake; "we shall have an eye on you, though we mayn't seem to."

"There's just one more thing I wanted to say, Jake Daws, before you go," I said.

Digitized by Google

As I turned a corner in the road two men rushed at me.

"Well, what is it?" he growled.

"I wish to say that of all the infernal liars and blackguardly scamps I ever saw, you're the worse by a big bit!" I said.

Jake did not reply, but turned and marched away in the middle of my sentence as soon as he gathered the drift of it.

In thinking over this conversation—a true interchange of civilities from start to finish—I have since come to the conclusion that Jake must have had a motive in giving me the charge of the diamond, and I think it was a double one.

I believe he wished, in the first place, to disarm any suspicion I might entertain as to the purity of his intentions, in order that he might afterwards carry out something he had in view and to the success of which a too keen watch on his actions, by me, would be prejudicial; and, in the second place, that it had struck him there was danger, during the first few days, of our theft being discovered and a hue and cry raised; in which case it would be as well that the stolen jewel, if traced at all, should be found in my possession rather than in his.

However this may have been, it was exceedingly convenient for me that Jake decided to give me the keeping of the diamond just at this crisis, for—suspecting Jake as I did to be ready for every conceivable villainy that opportunity might offer him to commit—I made sure that next time the jewel came into his hands it would remain there, and that he and Alf, or he without Alf, would disappear with it before the day fixed for our departure to Bombay.

Therefore I had no hesitation in substituting my imitation jewel for the real Eye of the Sun; and when the time came to deliver it up to Alf, the next holder, I gave that pallid and foxy individual the dummy, while I kept the real article locked up in my desk.

Alf leered as I gave him the packet; he looked into the envelope and grinned:

"Lord," he said, "don't it make you feel funny to put a thing like that in your pocket—fifty thousand pounds, I dare say it's worth; what do you think?"

"I dare say it is," I said, "quite that, and perhaps more; take care what you do with it—and see Jake doesn't get hold of it before Friday night!"

I don't know why I said that, unless it was to draw Alf out. He instantly assumed his most foxy expression, half looking round suspiciously, and listening before he replied, which he did in a whisper.

"Ah!" he said; "I see you suspect him; well, so do I, and I wish to Heaven we were clear of the scamp, you and I. Couldn't you think of any way of getting rid of him? What if you and I were to desert, now, to-day or to-morrow—with the swag, of course. I don't know how it is, Joe Wright, but dash it—I'm *afraid* of this devil Jake; there's no other word!"

I laughed aloud.

"Upon my soul, Alf, I'm not in the least surprised," I said, "for you know you're a most infernal coward, my man, and there's no mistake about it. And what's more, you're quite right; beware of Jake, Alf, as you would of the devil, for he's just as bad; don't you cross him, as you value your life!"

"What d'you mean? You don't think I'm in any danger, do you?" said Alf, looking desperately white.

"Not so long as you don't cross him!" I said. "Now, if I

Digitized by Google

was to skoot with you and the diamond, as you suggested just now, he'd be after us in a jiff and wouldn't be standing on any ceremony, once he found us!"

"Lord help us, he's a desperate chap, I know!" said Alf, shuddering.

"Well, keep in with him, if you're afraid of him!" I said. "I don't care a hang for the fellow one way or another, myself, and I intend to have my rights. I'm not a quarrelsome man, but anyone who wrongs me had best keep a long way out of my sight, that's all I know."

Alf went away rather scared, as I meant him to be. I was dealing with a fox, so I had put on a fox's dress myself. What I wanted out of Alf Hitchins was that when Jake proposed to him to skoot with the Eye of the Sun he should consent to go, and should go a long way; I wanted them both cleared out of the place, and the sooner the better.

I succeeded admirably.

Jake and Alf deserted on the Wednesday night, carrying the diamond with them, as they thought; but as a matter of fact the Eye of the Sun was safe enough in a hiding-place that I knew of, and none else in the wide world.

We were to leave on the Saturday, but before we went I took the precaution to buy another model of the Glory in case of emergencies which I could not at present foresee, but which might of course supervene at any moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Rack.

My regiment duly reached home and I with it, and in the course of time I was allowed leave to visit my old mother down in South Wales, near Fishguard in Pembrokeshire. There I spent a pleasant time, during which I never parted from my treasure, which I carried with me wherever I went.

It makes me laugh to think how few of those I met ever suspected that here was a man lugging about with him a king's ransom, and literally treading it under foot as he walked!

For the Glory of Rajpore lay hidden securely in the heel of my left shoe, and that shoe I wore night and day, sleeping and waking. I had myself hollowed out a place for it in my heel, placing it most carefully within, tightly fixed in a hole smaller than itself, well wedged into the tough leather and securely plugged in afterwards.

I had not yet made up my mind how to dispose of the gem, or laid satisfactory plans as to the story I should tell to account for my possession of it. These things required plenty of thought, and very cautious moving, and a false step might bring me into great trouble.

After all, there was no particular hurry; I was well enough off just at present, with no work to do, and plenty of time to amuse myself and to pay court to my best girl, who lived in the neighbourhood some five miles away inland, at a farm-house near Trefgarn, on the road between us and Haverfordwest.

My girl, Nest, was a bonnie young woman of about eighteen, and I was fond enough of her at that time, and she—as I thoroughly believe—of me. I used to walk over of an afternoon, take tea with her and her folks, and walk back at night—ah! what nights those were, and what scenery she lived in! I admired it all then beyond everything; I should hate the sight of it now!

Well, one night I had been up as usual. Nest was frolicsome, and when I met her and offered to kiss her she said:

"Ah, you're not the first, my man, that's offered to kiss me to-day!"

"I'm the first that's done it, I'll lay!" I said. "Who are you talking of, Nest?"

"And a handsome man, too, and offered to walk out with me!" continued Nest, laughing.

I laughed too, for I knew there was nothing to fear. Nest could take care of herself as well as another.

"You went, of course!" I said.

"I said I had a lover," she continued, "and as for the kiss he might take it if he could."

I laughed and kissed the girl, and was about to speak of something else, but Nest held me to the subject.

"You've not heard the best of it yet!" she said.

"Go on, then," I said, "you fetched him one in the chops and ran home, I'll be sworn!"

"No, I didn't," laughed Nest, "for he was very polite and didn't offer to touch me. 'He's a lucky chap any way, that other one!' he said, 'and if ever you should want to make a little change, why, you've only to let me know; a young farmer, no doubt, belonging to these parts, and a Welshman your lover is, and I'll bet half-a-crown I'll guess his name in three shots—if he's a Welshman he's an Evans, or a Jones, or a Williams, come now?'

"'Well, you've lost your money this time,' I said, 'for he isn't a farmer, and he isn't a Welshman, but a soldier of the Queen's and an Englishman, and his name isn't one of the three you said.'

"'Why, lord! then I've lost my money!' he laughed. 'I'll owe it you, and that'll give me another opportunity of seeing your pretty face; why, I am a soldier myself and so is my friend here'—he had another man with him, I forgot to say—'and maybe I've met your bloke out in the world: now what may his name be if it isn't Evans, nor Jones, nor yet Williams?'

"Well, I told him your name, since he was so polite and pleasant about it all, and you'd have laughed to see the effect! 'Oh Lord!' said the other man, and *my* man immediately hit him in the mouth.

"'My friend's astonished,' he said laughing, 'and so am I, to speak truth, for this is a kind of coincidence—we know your man well, we're in the same regiment—you'd hardly believe it, but it's true; and we've lived together in India five years, and are now living together at the regimental depôt; we were, at least, till we separated for leave. You can tell him you saw Tom Weston and Bill Hanley; we're living at Goodwick, near Fishguard, where my people are staying; so shake hands, miss, if you will, and may we be better acquainted soon—shall you be seeing your man to-day?'

"'This evening,' I said, 'for sure—he comes every other night.'

"'Then you tell him you saw Tom Weston!' said my friend, and with that they both set off walking fast towards Goodwick along the Fishguard Road."

"Well," I said, when Nest had finished, "that certainly was a bit of a coincidence, just as Tom said, and I'll look up him and Billy to-morrow at Goodwick, and I don't know but what we'll have a drink together; they ain't bad chaps, either of them, and they're as thick as soup. I didn't know Tom had friends down here, though, and how it is I never heard of it is what beats me!"

"Come down to the seaside for a bit of change, like enough!" said Nest, and there the conversation ended.

Well, that night, after saying good-night to my girl and watching her back along the road, I started to walk homewards to Fishguard, and I had not gone half a mile when suddenly as I turned a corner in the road, two men rushed at me and bore me to the ground before I could raise a finger in my own defence; it was so dark that I could not see their faces, and it was not until they began to speak that I recognised the rascals.

One of them had fetched me such a whack on the head with some hard stick or knuckle-duster, that I hardly resisted as they bound me hand and foot; and it was only after this had been performed that either of them spoke.

"There," said one, at last, "that has the joker safe, I think, blast him; now then, Joe, you thieving, lying rascal, what have you to say for yourself? Tighten that thong round his ankles, Alf, and see that the sneak don't kick you in the mug."

There was no doubt as to the identity of the speaker. It was Jake, of course; Jake, whom I fondly imagined to be

Google

far away in India, raging—together with Alf—over their dummy diamond, or still rejoicing in fancied possession of the real article, the very last two persons I should have expected to meet in Pembrokeshire this night!

"So you thought you were a bit too clever for us, you rascal, did you?" he said, kicking me with his foot as I lay; "you infernal, swindling, thieving, blackguard—robbing honest men of their share of the swag, and putting them off with a dummy thing that any fool would know to be a fraud at the first glance—a pretty sort of partner you are! Come, hand over the Glory and be hanged, and we'll see what's to be done with your infernal carcase afterwards!"

Two men in a cart passed by, coming from the station.

"The honest men cleared off pretty sharp with the false diamond," I laughed, "and thought it was the real one, even though *any* fool would know it! None of your infernal hypocrisy, Jake; speak up straight, like a man, and let's know what you want of me; I *was* a bit too sharp for you, and you know it well enough; you thought to have me and I had you instead."

"That may be," said Jake, "but *we've* got *you* now, and we're going to score the King, my son; we've been on your track for a fortnight, and now we've got you we don't intend to let you go till the account's squared, and perhaps not then; skulking, swindling rascals like you aren't fit to live, and are better under the sod than above it. Now, what about this yere diamond; is it sold? You'd better tell the truth, you know, for we intend to put the screw on till you do; we have you fair, and you know it. Now then, is it sold or not?"

"No, it isn't," I said.

"Then where is it?"

"Find out, if you're smart enough!" I said, laughing aloud in bravado, though, as a matter of fact, I didn't feel greatly amused by the turn events had taken.

"Oh, we're not to know, aren't we?" said Jake; "right you are, sonny. Hand us over the matches, Alf, and don't stand shivering there like a blooming telegraph wire!" Jake turned me over on my face—I could not imagine what he intended to do with me, but if I had known I could have done nothing to prevent him, for my hands were bound so tightly behind my back that I was as helpless as a babe. He turned me over, as I say, on my face, using his foot to do it, and doing it roughly, too; I swore and abused him, but he only laughed.

"Hold his wrists tightly, Alf, you lubber," continued Jake.

Alf caught hold of my wrists to keep my arms motionless, and I then discovered what the hound Jake intended to do with me.

He lit matches and stuck them between my fingers. I have since learnt that this was a favourite practice, in the old days of inquisition and torture, among those who desired to obtain a confession or some secret from their victims.

"Now we shall soon know all about it, sonny!" said Jake.

In less time than it takes to describe it, the matches set burning between my fingers had burnt down and began to cause me the most excruciating agony. I dug my toes into the ground and bit the earth under my nose for a second or two, resolved to bear the pain and utter no sound; I felt that I would give worlds, if I had them, to be able to defy

Digitized by Google

this unspeakable rascal, and Heaven itself—if I had it—to get the better of him. But I could not stand the pain; I twisted and yelled and shouted to Jake for the love of God to blow out the matches.

Jake instantly did so.

"Aha!" he said, "so you're going to be wise in time, are you? that's being a sensible man instead of an idiot. Let go his wrists, Alf. Now then, what about this Glory—where is it?"

"Loosen my hands and legs and I'll tell you!" I said. If he had, I should have killed the hound with my bare hands. But he was not such a fool.

"Not me," he said; "I'm not such a beginner as that; there's to be no bargain; out with the Glory, if you've got it here; if not, you'll sign an order for Alf to fetch it while I sit and watch you."

"I'll see you rot," I said in my rage, "before I'll do either; let me up and fight me for it like a man!"

Hold his wrists, Alf, and we'll scorch his infernal skin for him again; he likes it!" said Jake; and again Alf held me, though I struggled like a madman, and together they got me quiet and in another second would have lighted the matches that were already stuck between my fingers. Then my heart failed me.

"Take the thing, then!" I said; "it's in the heel of my boot."

It didn't occupy Jake long to dig the diamond out of its hiding-place. His eyes glared as they fell upon it, so did Alf's.

"How'm I to know it's not another of those cursed dummies?" he said. "Lord! it can't be though, can it, Alf! See it shine! lord, what a gem it is!"

For a minute or so the two men gloated over the recovered Glory while my blood boiled as I watched them. Then Jake placed it carefully in his waistcoat pocket.

"Come on," he said; "I'd kill you, Joe, you thief," he continued, addressing me as I lay and fumed, "if it wasn't for the danger of hanging; as it is you can lie there till your girl finds you, or someone else, curse you, and here's your pay for the diamond!"

The brute kicked me violently on the head, knocking the sense completely out of me, and made off.

CHAPTER IX.

The Glory Changes Masters.

I was fortunate in this that: I had not to lie very long before two men in a cart passed by, coming from the station at Haverfordwest, some seven or eight miles away, and they took me up and brought me home. I had recovered consciousness only a moment or two before they came; perhaps the rattle of their wheels had roused me, but I was silly, so to speak, all the way home, and unable to answer satisfactorily the questions they put to me.

As a matter of fact I could not at the time recall very clearly what had happened to me. I said I had been robbed, but I had the sense to remember I must remain silent about the diamond. The necessity to be silent on that topic had become a law of nature to me. I fancy my friends imagined that I was drunk; but the fact that I was bound hand and foot and with but one boot on (for Jake had pitched the other away after cutting the gem out of it) puzzled them immensely.

"Why, where's the other boot, lad?" they asked me.

"I had all my money in it," I had the sense to reply, "and the blackguards found it and took the whole boot."

"Who were they?" I was asked a dozen times.

"Lord knows!" said I.

"Yes, and you too!" one of the fellows laughed; "you've been drinking, sonny, with a friend or two, that's what's the matter, and you ain't going to give 'em away; well that's your affair, not ours!"

No, I was not going to give them away, nor myself either; and though the pain in my head from Jake's savage kick was bad enough, and kept me pretty silly all through that drive, I'm glad to say I had the sense to keep my own counsel.

Why did not Jake murder me right out?

Well, he wasn't such a fool; that's the plain English of it. He had the whip-hand of me and he knew it; he had the Glory safe in his pocket; he had evidence against me, he and Alf together—that is, they could manufacture evidence between them—that I had murdered a Hindoo priest, and in the remote contingency of my denouncing them for their attack upon me, they could trot out all this against me in case of need; therefore it was unnecessary to murder me, and an unnecessary murder was the kind of thing Jake was far too cute to take a hand in.

A kick in the head would answer his purpose and let off all the steam necessary for a vent to his anger; and that kick I got, and a good one too!

The report circulated that I had been found drunk and mauled, the victim of a drunken brawl, and I got a bad name down our way. It came to Nest's ears and I could not satisfactorily explain matters to her, or would not. She became suspicious, and I angry, and we quarrelled over it.

This is a part of my history which I do not intend the world to know details of, therefore it must remain at this, that we quarrelled and parted, and that there was an end of everything between Nest and me. I do not care to write about it for others to read, for even now, years after, I think of the break-up with regret and pain.

I was too ill with the effects of Jake's brutality to be able to take any very active steps towards the recovery of the "Glory," but though I now recognised that my chances of coming out a winner in this matter were very faint indeed at present, I did not altogether give up hope. A thousand things might happen before Jake would sell the gem and realise the value and disappear. To get rid of a diamond of the size of our Glory would not be so easy a matter; people are so fond of asking questions before they consent to part with their money.

I had half formulated all manner of plans towards getting into touch once again with the diamond and its present holders, such as employing a private detective to keep an eye upon the diamond market in London and Amsterdam in case of an exceptional gem being reported as under offer, but I do not now think that anything would have come of my amateur efforts to discover either Jake or the Glory but for a slice of luck that was as welcome as unexpected.

To my utter surprise I received, some few days after Jake's savage treatment of me, a post-card containing the following words:

"Meet me to-morrow night at nine where you saw me and Jake; have a most important communication to make; don't fail.—Alf."

Needless to say I kept the appointment.

I took the precaution however to take with me, loaded, a huge clumsy revolver that my mother kept in the house, a treasured possession of my dead father's; this was a weapon that carried a bullet of the size of a crow's egg, or near it, and the drum contained four chambers; a wonderful pistol, indeed, and I cannot imagine where my father could have picked it up. However, it was just as well that my mother had it in the house, for I did not relish meeting either of these two rascals—and likely enough both—unarmed.

I also took with me my second dummy diamond, which I still had by me in case of emergency. I did not anticipate that I should get a chance of successfully substituting the sham for the real a second time, but something prompted me to take it on the chance, and I carried it in my pocket.

I had not to wait long for Alf. He came down the road towards our rendezvous, and I could see, even in the dusk, that he was alone. The sight of him made me very angry, for I could not forget that he had assisted Jake in the

Digitized by Google

villainy of the other evening. If I had done as my fingers itched to do, I should have run out at the fellow and administered to him the very finest thrashing he ever had in his life; but I was curious to learn the object of his coming.

"Well, Alf, you infernal rascal," was my greeting to him; "what villainy's on hand now?"

"Lord, Joe, how you frightened me!" he muttered, starting violently back at my first words; "my nerves have

I shook the wretch as a terrier would a kitten.

all gone to the eternal dogs through living with that arch-devil Jake."

"Oh, so Jake's an arch-devil is he?" I said; "yet you seemed quite content to be his partner and help him in his cowardly villainies. What d'you mean by abetting him in his attack upon me in the dark, and aiding him to torture and rob me, you rascal you! D'you know what I've a mind to do? I've a mind to take and give you the soundest thrashing a man can get without needing to be buried. Now, what have you brought me here for?"

"Not to quarrel, Joe," said Alf. "On my life I'd have taken your side t'other night, if I could; but Jake carries the arms, he'd have shot or stabbed me in a minute, and you too. I'd rather be on your side than on his, and you know it. I told you so in India, but you wouldn't take me on."

"Well, what is it now?" I said coldly.

"I was going to tell you," he replied; "I've come to consult you. I'd as soon be below as living with Jake, and that's the truth; no one knows what a devil he is, but I. I'd kill the hound if I dared, for the things he says to me, and the things he threatens. Now would you, for half the Glory, which we'd share, join me in an attack on him? it would be easy enough to get him out here any night; I could lead him by one of these rocks just as you passed by us t'other night; but this time you'd be the one to pounce out and he'd be the one to drop; with you to help I wouldn't mind risking the rest. I tell you neither you nor I will ever touch a pennyworth of our diamond while that chap's upside of the sod!"

"Come, stow that, Alf!" I said; "I don't go in for murder, you know that well enough. I'd go as far as partnering you to get back the gem, and of sharing the proceeds with you if we can sell the infernal thing, but when you begin to talk about putting this chap Jake away after your own particular cowardly and generally blackguardly fashion, I tell you straight that you're an infernal villain, Alf, and I'm not on. You bring me the Glory and we'll give Jake the slip together, if you like; but mind you, once we've sold the big diamond and shared the money you'll go and live in one hemisphere and I in another, for I'll never look at your infernal face again."

"You're polite to-night, I must say," said Alf.

"Well, what about the Glory?" I continued. "Can you get hold of it and bring it? I'll protect you from Jake afterwards. Lord! he isn't likely to catch me napping a second time. Where is Jake now?"

"Down at the farm house talking to the girl Nest," said Alf, "he sent me out to walk about a bit while he went in; he sees her every day; it's for her sake we stayed down here; he said Haverfordwest would be the last place you'd look for us; he's going it with your girl, I can tell you, Joe; that's one of the reasons why I thought you wouldn't mind stretching a point—you're so bloomin' conscientious, you are—and helping to get him out of the way; that, and the kick on the head, and the matches, and so on!"

I sat down a moment to think. If murder was ever justifiable, I should surely be justified in aiding Alf to get rid of this hound of a Jake! Did ever barefaced effrontery equal this of his?

"Where's the Glory at this moment?" I said presently, speaking hoarsely from pass on.

"I've got it here," said Alf most unexpectedly.

"What?" I shouted, springing upon him in an instant, "you have it here? Hand it over before I throttle you—quick!" I shook the wretch as a terrier would a kitten. His teeth chattered in his head.

"Oh, I can't," Alf blubbered, "not till I know what you're going to do about it, I daren't!"

"Hand it over, I tell you, before I murder you right out; don't you see I'm desperate, you fool? Hand it over before I count three!" I took my revolver from my pocket.

"Here, take it, take it—don't shoot," cried Alf; "take it and come away off the road and consult. I'm afraid of Jake here—I want you to have the Glory, I swear I do, you and me together!" Alf drew me up the hill at the side of the road; we scrambled along for a hundred yards or more. I had the Glory safe in my waistcoat pocket. Then we sat down, breathless with our hurried move.

"Now, what's to be done?" panted Alf. "What do you propose? This cursed diamond will be the death of me in the end, I feel it!"

I could see the wretched man's face shining in the dusk with the sweat of terror; but the Glory was in my pocket, and I was going to triumph over Jake, and my anger was consequently evaporating fast.

"Here's my plan, Alf," I said; "you're such an infernal coward that you're not worth helping out of this mess, properly speaking, but I'm going to help you all the same. Lord knows why, unless it is that I loathe Jake even more than you. See this?" I placed the sham stone in his hand.

"It's the Glory," said Alf; "aren't you——"

"No it isn't," I laughed; "you don't touch the Glory again, my beauty. Here she is, look at her!" I now produced the real gem. "That other's another dummy like the first. I bought two. The other took Jake in nicely: this one will deceive him also until he tries to sell it."

"Lord!" was all that Alf could say.

"Now you take this dummy back," I continued, "and put it where you took the other from; Jake won't suspect—why should he? And to-morrow night meet me here, *exactly* here, at nine. Is it business?"

"Lord bless you for this, Joe!" he said, "I shall be saved yet. I'll come to-morrow—without fail; he's sure to want to see the girl to-morrow, the same as to-night—lord! to think you had a second of these things—talk of plans! You're a genius, Joe, and you're going to save me out of the devil's hands. I'll never forget it—I swear it!"

At this moment a whistle came from down in the glen and Alf hurried away; it was Jake signalling for him.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

A Learned Turkey.

THE oatfields were cropped bare as a convict's head. The corn was in the shock and there was a touch of winter in the winds which blew over the hill pasture. The months had gone by since the thoughtful turkey had been brought in squawking from the lane. He had grown large and portly and carried himself with dignity.

Fortune, which had appeared to him in the guise of Hilda, had been very kind to him. He had been permitted to share the lawn with an aged peacock of great personal beauty, from whom he had learnt gentle manners and deportment. He had dined daily at the kitchen door. In the evenings he had stood near the doorstep, where Hilda and John—John is the farm servant—sat and talked.

Their conversation was not instructive. They talked chiefly about themselves and a cottage and love and other foolish topics, but it afforded the turkey food for thought. He would stand soberly on one leg, as the shadows deepened and the stars came out, and watch the working of their minds.

"It is plain," he said one evening, "that they are thoughtlessly optimistic."

He was watching them closely, John had taken one of Hilda's red hands in his brown hand and was looking particularly and fatuously happy.

"When the corn's in, Hilda," John was saying, "I'll ask the old man if we can have the little wooden house."

"He'll be only too glad," said Hilda.

"I fancy he's expecting it," said John.

"It'll be big enough for us," said Hilda.

"For the present," said John, and looked so particularly foolishly happy that the turkey turned away in disgust. He strolled across the lawn in deep thought.

Like all those who are solitary or have the society only of inferiors, he had fallen into the habit of talking to himself.

"It is evident," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud, "that these two people will marry. They will move into the little wooden house. They will live there. They are such poor, dull creatures, they will not even know they are unhappy. They will have children and in their simple way be happier still. Poor things! It is bad enough to be unhappy and know it. How much worse is the state of those who are unhappy and think they are happy! Poor things!"

He stood on one leg and thought.

The moonlight streamed down and made a silhouette of him in black shadow on the whitening lawn. He stood there for an hour, immovable; only his brain kept turning, turning and evolving thoughts.

"It is really very ridiculous," he said, "but I can't think of any way of putting an end to this wretched state of affairs. I am not at my best to-night."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked the peacock, who came up, trailing a yard of rainbow plumage behind him.

"I am thinking," said the turkey rather disdainfully. "It is an operation which will not interest you."

"Ah, perhaps not," said the peacock. "What were you thinking about? And why were you doing it?"

"I was thinking," the turkey replied—for he was always willing to talk—"I was thinking, or, to be more accurate, I was trying to think, of some way of stopping this silly habit people have of coming into the world, eating, and going out of the world again, leaving behind them a certain number of 'understudies'—to use a phrase taken from the slang of the theatre—to repeat the ridiculous operation."

"So you've begun to think about that, have you?" said the peacock laughing. "Well, I should think you would."

"What are you laughing at?" the thoughtful turkey asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing," said the peacock; "of course you are interested in the question. I am not, you see."

"Well I don't see."

"You don't see? Well, you're particularly slow-witted even for a turkey," said the peacock.

"Perhaps you'll explain," the turkey rejoined sarcastically.

"Certainly" said the peacock; "why not?"

"Go on," said the turkey.

"Well, they come into the world, don't they?"

"They do," said the thoughtful turkey, "though I've never yet thought to think where they come from. I'll do it to-morrow. Go on—people come into the world."

"What do they do?" asked the peacock, with growing triumph.

"What do they do? Eat," said the philosophical turkey.

"Eat what?"

"Oh, all sorts of——"

"You!" screamed the peacock in a burst of triumph, "you. They eat you. They pick your bones. They suck the marrow out of your thigh bones. Some of 'em prefer white meat, and some of 'em dark, and some of 'em say, 'It's immaterial, thank you.' So it is to them. But it's not to you. Oh, no, it's you they are eating, and——"

"Stop! stop!" cried the thoughtful turkey. "This is too horrible. It is some ghastly, grim, and fearful jest. Eat me?"

Google

"Eat you," said the peacock more calmly! "They eat you, my learned friend, after you have been roasted to a beautiful brown."

The thoughtful turkey groaned aloud.

"You seem to be in earnest," he said after a pause.

"I am," the peacock replied. "Why are you here? Have you thought of that?"

"I have often pondered upon it—why am I here, where did I come from, and why did I come?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You were brought here to be fattened. The maid supplied the food, and your reckless gluttony did the rest. You are fat."

"I'm no fatter than you," retorted the turkey.

"Ah, that's a different matter," the peacock chuckled. "I am not food; I am beauty. No, my poor friend, we shall have to part—you to the table and I shall remain here. It is your fate to be done brown and eaten; I walk here fancy free. I have seen ten generations of you eaten. You are the eleventh, my young fellow."

"It is impossible," groaned the thoughtful turkey.

"Time will tell," said the peacock.

For a long time the turkey was plunged in thought. He strode to and fro, and at last paused in his walk in front of the peacock.

"It must be done," he said grimly. "Listen, my friend. I have no desire to be eaten. I have an instinctive feeling that it would be unpleasant. Therefore I refuse. But I can see only one way to escape this fate. I must do as you have done."

"What?" asked the peacock breathlessly, for he had forgotten his own remark.

"I must be beautiful," said the turkey.

The peacock looked dubious.

"Yes," said the turkey firmly. "I must be beautiful, very beautiful, far too beautiful to be eaten. Leave me! I would think."

* * * * *

Haggard and pale from his long night vigil the thoughtful turkey lifted his eyes to the east. Already a band of greyish light lay close against the earth, and above it the darkness was thinning. Slowly the sun pushed up a red and inflamed shoulder and the light spread. The birds began to twitter, for it was day. The turkey bathed his burning brow in the dew and shook himself once or twice.

"Courage!" he muttered, "courage!"

He walked briskly across the barnyard, through the gate and on down the lane. At first he met no one. Tears came to his eyes. He was very lonely, and his nervous system was shattered. The sun was higher by this time, and the light was dancing and shimmering on the fields and breaking in curious refractions of pale purple and pink among the poplar trees. Although he knew that the admiration of crude and natural nature was bourgeois, and even a trifle vulgar, he could not help being touched with a sense of satisfaction at the beauty of the scene.

It was, he felt, a crude imitation of Monet, but, after all, there was in it a hint of Monet's genius. He was in a mood of æsthetic satisfaction; the moment was one of those which lay one open to new impressions. Then he saw her. She was young and slim and walked with grace and dignity. Her eyes were on the ground, and her wings trailed indolently as she sauntered towards him in the pale multicoloured sunlight. The thoughtful turkey had an impression of æsthetic delight in her sensuous beauty, and then two thoughts passed through his mind. The first was:

"How much more beautiful she is than the peacock!"

and the second was: "I hope she is not my sister!" He went up to her boldly and gave her the salute of the morning. She started as though she had not seen him—perhaps she had not.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

She held down her head.

"I have heard so much about you," she said, when the ice was broken. "You live up at the house, and are very learned."

"Yes, I think a great deal," he said.

"I am your cousin twice removed," she explained later in the conversation.

"You are very beautiful," he replied.

They walked on. Much later in the morning she said; "You, too, are beautiful, dear one, very beautiful!" She sighed. The thoughtful turkey started, as though for a moment he had hardly taken the measure of her words.

"I am beautiful?"

"Very beautiful, my own," she whispered.

He cried aloud in his joy and flapped his wings and pawed the turf.

"It is because I love you," she added.

He became thoughtful.

* * * * *

The snow was on the ground; the snow hung on the trees; the snow sifted through the air and fell softly everywhere. The thoughtful turkey, with a firm tread and a look of resolution on his intelligent features, walked rapidly down a narrow turning that led to a little wooden house set in one corner of the farm. As he came near the door he paused. He crept closer and listened. He could hear them talking.

"I've always said," one of them was remarking (that was John), "that there's nothing better for a Christmas dinner——"

"In your own house," put in Hilda.

"In your own house," said John, "nothing better than a cut of nice pork out of the side——"

"Cooked by your own wife," said Hilda.

"Of course," said John, "with the crackling on and apple sauce."

"Next year," said Hilda, "we'll have a turkey. I'll set the eggs under the speckled hen."

"Yes, next year," said John, "but not that I don't like pork."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Hilda. "The idea of not liking pork!"

Outside in the snow the thoughtful turkey smiled sadly.

"Poor fools," he said, "even now, I dare say, they imagine they are happy—and they have been married a month. Poor things!" And when the door was opened he stalked in and stood in the middle of the floor.

"Good gracious!" cried Hilda. "It's my turkey."

"The one the farmer gave you?" asked John.

"Yes, the one that ran away."

"We'll have him for dinner to-morrow."

"Of course," said Hilda. "Isn't it lucky?"

"Of course," said John. "Whoever heard of eating pork on Christmas day?"

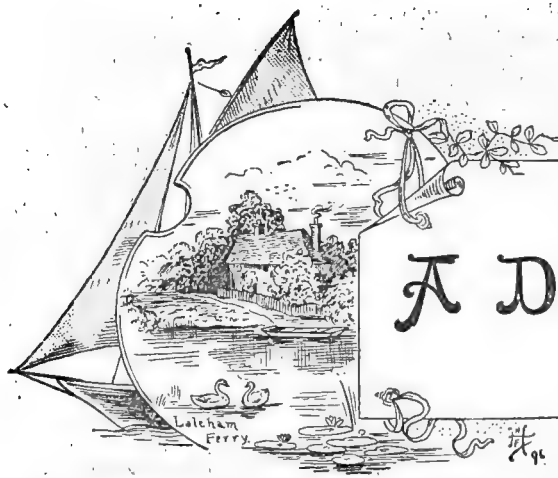
"It's ridiculous," said Hilda. "And won't he be beautiful when he's browned?"

"He's rather thin," said John; "but he'll be beautiful when he's cooked."

The thoughtful turkey smiled sadly; he knew much better. He was only beautiful while she loved him.

PERCY S. RIESS.

Digitized by Google



A Desert Magician.

The little party about Calkins' camp fire consisted of the theosophist, a dried-up little man with pinched features and a waxy complexion, the old lady with the black mits, and myself. The theosophist had been discoursing on occult matters in general, as was usual with him when a patient audience was available, and had but just concluded a little dissertation on the nature of elementals, "those strange, almost unknown, creatures of the astral light," as he expressed it.

Calkins had been listening with apparently the deepest interest, and shook his head impressively as the theosophist concluded. Then, as though framing an unalterable conclusion, derived from dire experience, he remarked confidentially to the old lady with the black mits: "The less you and me, ma'am, and these here gen'lemen or anyone has to do with them there slippery bein's, the better for 'em," and he sighed profoundly as at some sad retrospect.

"You don't really mean to say, Mr. Calkins, that you have personally had any knowledge of those marvellous beings of whom my brother has just spoken?" exclaimed the old lady, pausing in her knitting, with open-mouthed astonishment.

"P'raps not, ma'am; maybe I've mistook the kind of bein's the gen'leman was referrin' to; p'raps I'm all wrong," responded Calkins. "Like enough. I'm no scholar, and don't pretend to it. But the ones he described just now is so near like them as I once run against that it looked like they must naturally be of the same breed, anyhow. It's perhaps best just to give you the story of my singular meetin' with 'em, and then you can judge about the whole thing for yourself, ma'am." And without waiting for further invitation, with an air of dreamy reminiscence, Calkins began:

"Ten years ago come July, I was workin' in off the desert from a prospectin' trip south and east of the Carga Muchacha country, where I'd been stumpin' about chippin' rock all the spring without strikin' anything that'd anyways do to tie to. My provisions had about given out; it was growin' too hot to work, and the water was gettin' low in the tanks, so I thought I'd give it up for that year, and was comin' in to potter around about a little dry ranch I owned near the 'Duatre.'

"I was travellin' by peaks and a little pocket compass, by night mostly, on account of the heat, and the country I was goin' through was new to me. I'd been five days makin' seventy mile, and had that many more to get over before ever I'd strike 'French Joe's,' the nearest place where there was any white man reg'larly livin' so far as I then knew. This was why I was kind o' surprised when we was windin' up the sixth night's travellin', it bein' just before sunrise, to see smoke risin' from a little granite butte about a mile ahead, and a figure movin' round a camp fire. When I was a few hundred yards away the tall, thin man by the fire looked up for the first time, and seein' me comin' he hailed, and the sound of his voice brought it right back to me who he was. I'd met him some years before down about Tucson, where he'd set himself up for a 'bad man' and went by the name of Dutch Pete.

"He was as ugly to look at as ever I've seen a man. He had small black eyes, close together, a thin, waxy, big-boned face, and thick, straight black hair, just grizzlin'. He'd had considerable schoolin' so 'twas generally reported, havin' been something like a doctor in his own country, and he could speak a dozen languages like he was born to 'em, and when he was in camp he was always experimentin' with herbs and minerals, boilin' and mixin' and monkeyin' with 'em generally, so folks said.

"He looked at me without speaking at first, when once I'd got up to the fire, but he didn't no ways seem to recollect meetin' me before, and I didn't let on that I'd ever seen him. Then, when he'd looked me over, he was no end obligin' and told me where to get water for my burros from a big tank just by camp, and suggested I'd better settle down with him for a day or two and rest up and look over the claims he was developin' over on the next butte about a mile away. There was plenty of fry cohete grass all about the camp, and havin' a long way yet to go, I concluded to fall in with his idea and stop awhile before tacklin' the rest of the trip.

"That same morning, I went over with him to the other butte to look at his claims, and they all showed up very promisin', bein' every way the best prospects I'd seen in some years; and when in the evenin' after we'd got back to camp, he proposed my holdin' on where I was and workin' in with him for grub and a third interest in everything after I'd put in a year's time, it ended by my comin' to terms. I didn't much care for such a partner as Pete, but the idea of gettin' an interest in them claims stood off all such

Digitized by Google

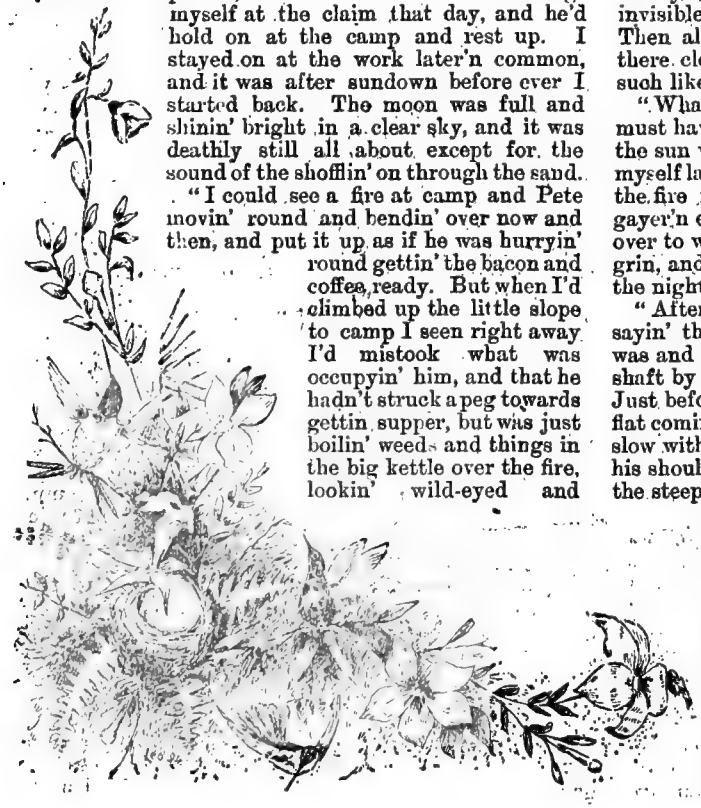
like objections, and I started in to work next day braced up and cheerful at the prospect ahead of me.

"Pete was a sullen, notional kind of man, and his goin's on was generally so altogether out of the common that I'd begun to put him up as being just a little 'loco,' and while the idea didn't make me noways comfortable when we was together, it brought me somehow to make allowances, as you might say, for some of his singular behaviour. Sometimes after supper he'd set for hours not replyin' to things I'd ask him, but talkin' in a low tone to himself, lookin' off over the desert like he was gazing at something miles and miles away.

"Then, gen'rally, about the full of the moon, he'd cook up messes of desert herbs and bottle up the juices from 'em, and when I'd inquire what he was tryin' to get at he'd just give a low chuckle way down in his throat and stare at me without saying nothin'—and that was all I'd ever get out of him. He had a dirty lookin' old book, bound in spotted, black leather, with curious lookin' writin' on the yaller pages, like I'd never seen before, that he set a heap by.

"He'd get this old book out and read it by the fire of an evenin' for an hour at a time, and then he'd take a stick and draw queer figures on the sand-triangles, circles, and sech like, lookin' at the book now and then, like he was follerin' some partic'lar directions, and mumblin' to himself in a sort of sing-song way all the time. I felt sure from all this business that it was a clear case of him being crack-headed, and I never felt noways easy when them queer spells was on him.

"One mornin' when I was startin' out for the shaft Pete made excuse about him not feelin' up to work, sayin' he'd slept bad, and that I'd have to run things myself at the claim that day, and he'd hold on at the camp and rest up. I stayed on at the work later'n common, and it was after sundown before ever I started back. The moon was full and shinin' bright in a clear sky, and it was deathly still all about except for the sound of the shofflin' on through the sand.



"I could see a fire at camp and Pete movin' round and bendin' over now and then, and put it up as if he was hurryin' round gettin' the bacon and coffee ready. But when I'd climbed up the little slope to camp I seen right away I'd mistook what was occupyin' him, and that he hadn't struck a peg towards gettin supper, but was just boilin' weeds and things in the big kettle over the fire, lookin' wild-eyed and mutterin' to himself like he always did when he had one of them spells on.

"His black book was lyin' open on a flat rock by the fire, and every now and then he'd look at it and then drop a pinch of somethin' into the kettle. He was so took up with his work that he didn't seem to know that I'd got back to camp, and didn't make no answer when I asked what was up.

"Seein' how he was occupied I reckoned I'd best not disturb him, and so lighted a fire for myself a little ways off from where he was doin' his boilin' and experimentin'. I was turnin' away to fetch the coffee pot and fryin' pan when Pete screeched out: 'I've got it. *Mein Gott!*' He was dancin' round the fire like a wild man, wavin' his arms in the air, snappin' his fingers, and all the time half singin' to himself. 'You have got it,' thinks I, 'and terrible bad this time sure.'

"I'm comin' now, ma'am," continued Calkins with an impressive air of frankness, addressing the old lady with black mits, who had paused in her knitting and regarded him with an expression of mingled perplexity, interest, and irritation, "to a statement of them partic lar facts as made me sort of hesitate to give you this here sing'lar experience, and I'm free to allow that what I've got to tell comes pretty nigh passin' all belief. I felt right away that somethin' strange and startlin' was comin' off just then and there.

"The stuff in the kettle was hissin' and snappin' and sendin' up silvery sparkles, and a thin blue column-like mist rose up from the top, wavin' into the air and growin' all the time higher and bigger, and kind of takin' form as it rose. Then came a sound like a swishin' of great wings through the air all about us, and you could feel the cold draught they made as the invisible bein's, they belonged to swung round the fire. Then all of a sudden it grew ice cold, though I stood there close to the blaze, and, bein' naturally rattled by such like goin's on, I just toppled over like.

"What happened next of course I don't know, but I must have been as good as stone dead all that night, for the sun was well up when I looked about, and found myself layin' on my blankets with Pete potterin' round the fire fryin' bacon. He was powerful cheerful and gayer'n ever I'd seen him; but when I got up and went over to where he was cookin'; he just looked up with a grin, and made no kind of allusion to what had gone on the night before.

"After breakfast he surprised me considerable by sayin' that, bein' as I looked done up, I'd stay where I was and hold down the camp, and he'd go on up to the shaft by himself. Then he went off hummin' a tune. Just before sundown he showed up again way out on the flat comin' in from the claim, and I seen he was travellin' slow with some heavy weight in the ore sack slung over his shoulder. When he got his wind after climbin' up the steep slope to camp he told me to fetch out the canvas layin' under my beddin' and he'd show me somethin' worth seein'. When I'd laid it out near the fire he emptied the ore sack into it, and laughed when he seen my eyes widen out. There was at least two dozen clean gold nuggets of all shapes and sizes, from as big as a plum to the size of my fist. I was that took aback at this showin' that I just couldn't speak for a minute.

"Then at last says I: 'Where did them come from?' And he says, still laughing: 'Them comes from the claims!' 'Whose claims?' then says I. 'Whose but my

Digitized by Google

own?' replies he, kind of short like; and then I quit askin' questions and got right away down to thinkin' what a third of them nuggets and the claims they come from was worth, that bein' the share I was to have under our contract, as you'll recollect, ma'am.

"Ever since the night I'd been knocked out, Pete had gone off on a new lead altogether. He'd leave camp first thing after sun-up, and would never allow of me goin' with him up to the claims, givin' out some reason or other for wantin' to go up alone.

"This had gone on for three days runnin', each night Pete comin' back, like he had the first time, with a sack full of nuggets; and naturally I begun gettin' riled at bein' laid on the shelf that way, and my curiosity got to workin'. I more'n half suspicioned that Pete's big luck was some way related to them queer goin's on that night by the fire.

"Then I made up my mind that I wasn't goin' to get wiser by just mopin' round camp, and concluded to rustle about on the quiet and inquire into things. So next morning, Pete havin' gone off as usual, I hung round a couple of hours after doin' my chores, and then filled my canteen, and takin' along a snack of my noonin', started out on the trail to the claim.

"The sand was hot and the air stifflin', and I had an uncomfortable feelin' somehow that I was out on a dangerous errand, and that I'd be up to my neck in trouble before ever I'd make the round trip. I'd shuffled along through the sand not more'n quarter way to the butte, when on a sudden I heard what seemed like a hurricane blowin' high up in the air, but though I looked up in the sky I couldn't see nothin' to account for the sound, and I just stopped short where I was, wonderin'. Then, off towards the butte towards which I was headin', I could see at first tens and then right away hundreds of little wavin' columns of sand each one in a whirl, growin' all the time higher and higher, and bigger and ruslin' on towar's me.

"Then the sand whirls, which first along jostled each other, all joined together and came sweepin' on in a swayin' wall like waves on a beach. Blasts of hot, with-rin' wind parched the air, and deep clouds of dust spread over the sky like a curtain and blurred out the sun. Then it grew dusk, and close all round me I could hear the same sound of flappin' and rustlin' I had heard that night by the fire, and low chucklin' sounds, like lunatics laughin', and strange blammering voices, and mixed in with them all the shrill sound of Pete's, like he was there flyin' round in the air with them other invisible jays and enjoyin' the circus.

"All this had come on in less time than it takes me tell it—and talk about stampedin' and panics! I was that panic-struck and scared clean through and through that I just tore back to camp like Old Nick was let loose behind me—askin' your pardon, ma'am, for that manner of speakin'. My burros was there standin' close side by side with their noses together and tremblin'. Half blind with the sand and my heart bumpin' hard, my breath about gone, and my head in a whirl, I had just one idea left, which was that the sooner I got out of that there part of the country, away from Pete and his invisible pards with the wings, the safer I'd be.

"I felt, as you might say, out of my el'ment somehow with such like surroundin's. I bridles a burro, threw on and clinched up my saddle in less'n a minute, snatched up a canteen, and was off with a short pitchin' lope, not much knowin' or carin' which way I was travellin'. The wind and the sand and the gen'ral whoop-up I've spoke of followed me up for a little time, but died out at last when I'd got clean away, and the sun showed up bright once again in a clear, cloudless sky. I had a rough time gettin' in, but worked on to French Joe's, and after restin' there for a day went on in by slow stages.

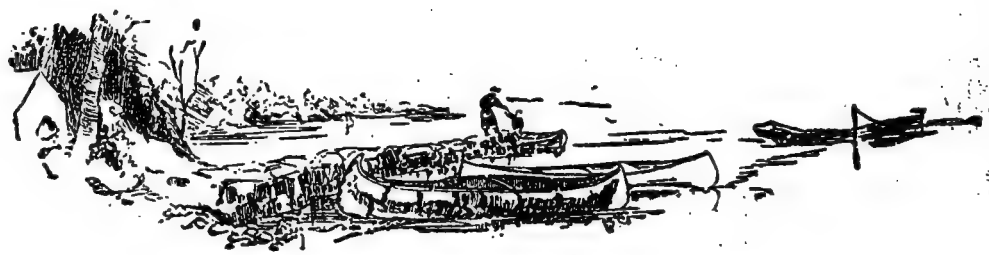
"I consulted my lawyer, Colonel McVey, as to what my rights were under my contract with Pete, and gave him, the best way I could, the queer facts in the case; but he wouldn't take no pay for consultin' and wouldn't give me no advice.

"I've never seen Dutch Pete again, but I heard of him in less'n a year as rollin' in coin and gamblin' and breakin' all the games wherever he travelled. Then next I was told he'd been killed down in Texas.

"Now, I leave to you to judge, ma'am," concluded Calkins solemnly, "whether I wan't right in suggestin' that I'd run against some of those mysterious, shadowy bein's the gen'leman was referrin' to, and that it wan't noways desirable to be mixed up in any kind of dealin's with 'em. There's them burros broke out of the corral again," and Calkins left us on what seemed to me quite an imaginary alarm.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the lady with the black mits, after drawing a long breath as Calkins departed. I echoed this indefinite sentiment. The theosophist was serious and silent.

EDMUNDE STUART ROCHE.



Digitized by Google

THE TRAITOR OF STUTTGART.

A Story of the Siege of 1286.

"This is the last night of peace, Mechild," said her lover, as he tenderly pressed her hand. "To-morrow King Rudolph and his army will encamp before Stuttgart."

"What will be the end of this struggle against the King?" asked Mechild Berge, the armourer's daughter, with a sigh.

"We shall win, and teach the King that Eberhard of Würtemburg is not to be frightened!" said Martin enthusiastically.

He kissed her tenderly, and was about to depart when she detained him.

"Martin——"

"What is it, sweet?"

"Oh, Martin, do be careful! I fear that Junker Anselm will seek every opportunity of injuring you for——"

"For interrupting him when he had entered your father's house while you were alone, and tried to force his suit on you!" broke in Martin. "Luckily, I saw him enter, and was in time to spoil his plan. It was well for him that you thought it best not to tell Master Berge! Never fear for me, dearest!"

And with a kiss he left her.

On the following day, the 23rd of September, 1286, the army of King Rudolph encamped in front of Stuttgart, the King pitching his tent under an old oak, since known as "King's Oak." It will be useful here to state in a few words how the King and his powerful vassal came into a conflict.

In the year 1273 there came to an end, by the election of the Count of Habsburg as the monarch of the Petty States of Central Europe, that turbulent time known as the interregnum. When the Count of Habsburg found himself fairly settled in his new position and greeted as King Rudolph, he set to work to introduce order into his kingdom, and to undo, as far as possible, the mischief done during the preceding lawless period; and in pursuit of this object—and, it may be, in his own personal interest—he issued a decree that all Crown land and property which had been appropriated by the nobles during the interregnum should be surrendered to the King.

The proclamation of this decree naturally angered some of the German Princes and Counts who had been busy in that direction, and they refused to comply. The Count of Würtemberg, Eberhard's predecessor, was among the number. The King was soon able to bring them to reason, and peace was patched up. Not many years afterwards the King was again in conflict with the house of Würtemberg (in the person of the young Count Eberhard) and others, and again peace was concluded.

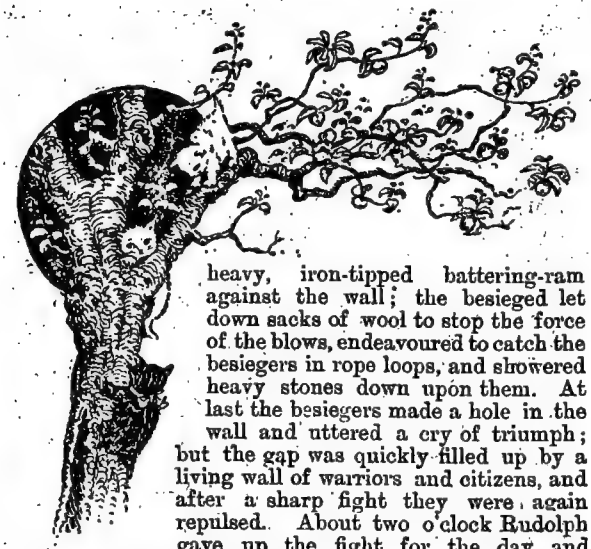
But the King had scarcely returned to the seat of Government when hostilities again broke out, and this time Rudolph decided to act decisively by besieging Stuttgart, and crushing his most powerful opponent, the Count Eberhard. A few of the citizens of Stuttgart had at first thought it advisable not to uphold the Count in his defiance of the King, but these doubtful ones had been won over, and Eberhard believed he could reckon on the assistance of his burghers.

Every possible preparation had been made by the people of Stuttgart. Walls, towers, and moats had been carefully overhauled and repaired where necessary; on the walls and towers the slings were placed in position and stones and logs heaped up near them; and all the gates of the city were barricaded except one. Large stores of provisions were available in the city, and the burghers awaited the attack with confidence.

Early next morning the King began the siege in earnest. The besieged defended themselves vigorously, and at each attack the King's troops were repulsed with heavy losses.

The primitive weapons of the period were manipulated with great skill by both sides. The King's warriors, under the cover of a shed-like protection on wheels, filled in a part of the moat and plied the

Digitized by Google



heavy, iron-tipped battering-ram against the wall; the besieged let down sacks of wool to stop the force of the blows, endeavoured to catch the besiegers in rope loops, and showered heavy stones down upon them. At last the besiegers made a hole in the wall and uttered a cry of triumph; but the gap was quickly filled up by a living wall of warriors and citizens, and after a sharp fight they were again repulsed. About two o'clock Rudolph gave up the fight for the day and retired amidst the triumphant shouts of the defenders of Stuttgart.

Martin Bahaim, although he had been foremost in the defence and had formed one stone of the living wall to fill the gap, had escaped uninjured, to the great joy of Mechild. He had dragged a banner from one of the besiegers in that hand to hand encounter, which he afterwards presented to his sweetheart. His bravery gained for him the admiration of his fellow-craftsmen, who had chosen him as the leader of the detachment formed by the Smith's guild, and it won words of praise from the Count.

The gap in the wall was barricaded with heavy beams, and preparations made for a renewed onslaught by the Royal troops. It came on the following day, with the same result; and then the King decided to wait for a few days till reinforcements arrived.

A week had elapsed since the beginning of the investment of the city, and Martin was on duty near the gate. As he paced to and fro, his thoughts wandered to Mechild and then to the scene between Junker Anselm and himself in Master Berge's parlour; he recalled the look of hatred in the young man's face, and Mechild's words of caution. He felt certain that Anselm would take any opportunity to avenge himself, but that opportunity would be difficult to find.

Stopping at one end of his walk, his attention was arrested by an arrow sticking in a beam which had been placed there ready for emergencies. It had the appearance of having been shot there from outside; this must have been done quite recently; it could not possibly be one of those used in the attempt to storm the stronghold.

Martin looked from the wall over the ground to the tents in the distance; no one was to be seen. He jerked the arrow out of the wood and examined it mechanically at first, but his interest was suddenly awakened when he noticed a strip of parchment wrapped around the shaft. He unwound it; something was written on it. What mystery was this? He gazed at the parchment, and read these words: "Martin Bahaim, remember your oath. At midnight we shall be ready."

Martin stared at the characters as if he could not believe his eyes. He had received some education and could read well; there was no deception. What devilry was this? So intent was he that he heard nothing; he was aroused from his reverie by a harsh voice behind him:

"So, ho, Martin Bahaim! This is the way you keep watch, and receive messages from our enemies!"

Ere he could turn, the parchment was snatched from his fingers by Count Eberhard, with whom were Anselm and two other nobles.

Martin stood before them, bewildered at the turn of affairs, unable to utter a word, while the Count read the message aloud.

"What ho! guards!" shouted the Count, his face distorted with rage. "What ho! Seize this traitor!"

"I am no traitor!" cried Martin, now alive to the position. "I am a true citizen and have fought for Stuttgart!"

"And the only one in the front rank who did not get wounded at the breach in the wall!" said Anselm sneeringly.

"By Heaven! The stratagem was cleverly done!" cried the Count. "A trick to gain our confidence. But you are outwitted! Seize this traitor!" he added, turning to half-a-dozen men who had arrived.

The men looked in amazement, but at a second order from the Count they surrounded Martin and hurried him away in spite of his struggles and vehement protests.

The news soon spread that Martin Bahaim had been caught in the very act of communicating with the enemy and had been cast into a dungeon to await a fitting punishment. It was soon conveyed to Mechild, who was utterly cast down at the success of what she felt to be a vile plot against her lover, and gave way to a paroxysm of grief which her mother was quite unable to calm. Gradually she became calmer and tried to think how she could best assist in proving Martin's innocence. That it was a conspiracy on the part of Junker Anselm she had no doubt; but how to prove it?

It was nearly dusk when Master Berge returned home. His honest face wore an expression of anxiety.

"Father," cried Mechild before he could speak, "what have they done with Martin? It is not true! It *cannot* be true!"

"Nothing as yet, my child," replied the armourer, answering her question. "It looks black against him, but I can't believe the boy would do that. He never sided with the malcontents."

"Father, he would not do such a vile thing; he is too noble! What can I do to save him! It is a plot against him!"

"The Count is furious," continued Berge, sinking into a chair. "He was nearly giving orders for Martin to be executed."—Mechild uttered a cry of despair—"but we spoke for the lad, and Count Eberhard agreed to wait and see whether any attack is made to-night. I spoke up so boldly for the lad that it somewhat angered Eberhard; and I was obliged to hold my tongue or suspicion might have fallen on me too. They all know that I looked upon the lad almost as a son."

Mechild buried her face in her hands.

"We are all to be ready for an attack to-night," continued Master Berge. "If none is made, we may induce the Count to let the lad go, but he will have to quit Stuttgart. If an attempt is made to-night to capture the city, the Count will be convinced of Martin's guilt, and he has sworn to hang him by his neck from

Google

the wall, so that his 'friends' may see the fate of the man who would betray us into their hands."

Every soldier and citizen in Stuttgart was ready for battle that night. It was a time of fearful anxiety for Mechild Berge, for if by any chance the King should make a night attack, Martin's life would be forfeited. She could not rest indoors, but wandered about as near the walls as women were allowed to be. Slowly—oh! so slowly!—the hours crept round, and Mechild's anxiety increased until the pain at her heart became almost intolerable.

At length the midnight hour arrived. Master Berge, who was on guard, fancied that he detected some noise in the King's camp, and his heart seemed to stand still. Was there to be an attempt? Was Martin Bahaim really a traitor? He peered into the darkness and strained his ears, but nothing further was heard. And so the night wore away and the dawn came.

Martin's life was safe yet, but the Count would not release him nor allow any of his friends to see him.

"I think," said Master Berge, when he brought this information to his daughter, "that Martin is lucky in having a friend in Junker Anselm, who is in high favour with the Count and has said a good word for him. Heaven grant that it may all come right," added the armourer, not noticing the expression on the child's countenance. "I must get some rest now—and you, too, my dear."

"Do you expect any attack to-night, father?"

"We do not *expect* one, but it is impossible to be certain. Anselm will undertake the charge of the watch to-night on the eastern side, and will himself be at the gate, which is the only one not barricaded—a most important post. The Count is well pleased with his willing service. The other walls will also be well watched."

Mechild tried to follow her father's example and get some sleep. There was nothing to be done at present for her lover, and she might want all her strength ere long for his sake. But she lay wakeful on her bed, pondering over her father's remarks about Anselm. He was high in favour, and Martin was in a dungeon—the victim of Anselm's plot. Could she do nothing for him? She racked her brain for some plan until, completely exhausted, she fell into an uneasy slumber.

Fantastic dreams came to disturb her rest; all the events of the twenty-four hours, distorted and exaggerated, presented themselves to her. Junker Anselm had been arrested, Martin was guarding him, and she was trying to induce the latter to leave his post that she might release Anselm. Then she saw the two men struggling together. Anselm had led a storming party against Stuttgart and Martin was at the head of the defenders; the air was thick with arrows and missles, and resounded with the shouts of the combatants. All the visions were indistinct; but the scene changed with the rapidity of a dream and another scene was presented to her mind with startling vividness.

It was the eastern wall of the city with the unbarricaded gate; the time was night. She saw the form of Junker Anselm; he was looking cautiously around as though to make sure that he was not observed. He took from his tunic a strip of parchment on which was written in letters of fire the word "Midnight," and twisted it round the shaft of an arrow, which he fitted into a bow and shot towards the distant camp. She could see the word of fire as it sped along, and at the same time there appeared above Anselm's head a tongue of flame which resolved itself into the word "*Traitor*." It was all so vivid that Mechild awoke with a start.

She was surprised to find that she had slept so long; the day was waning, so it was about five o'clock. The dream troubled her. What did it mean?

"There can be no meaning in it," she told herself. "It is merely the vain imagining of a troubled mind. Yet——"

Might it not be some warning? In those ages such dreams were commonly regarded as premonitions; and although Mechild was not without a small share of culture, nevertheless the superstitions of the times had a great hold upon her. She felt that the dream or vision was intended in some way to benefit her if she paid heed to it, and she resolved to do so.

Her mind was quickly made up as to her course of action. She sought her father, explained to him the vision and her plan, and asked for his assistance. The armourer looked aghast, but the dream, intensified by Mechild's earnestness, made an impression upon him, and he finally consented with some reluctance.

"Have your wish, Mechild," he said gravely; "but I cannot see what good can come of it, and the risk is great for you."

After dark, father and daughter made their way to the house of Konrad Strohm, a friend of Martin, who was now acting as leader of the guild.

"You cannot take the place of one of the sentinels," said Strohm, when Mechild had ex lained, "because Junker Anselm has chosen them specially. If you are determined to carry out your idea of watching him, you can only do it by hiding. It is dangerous, and also foolish, because there is no reason for what you have in your mind. But since you say it is for Martin's sake, I will do my part. We cannot be near you; that would arouse suspicion."

"I thank you, Konrad. I will take the risk," replied Mechild quietly.

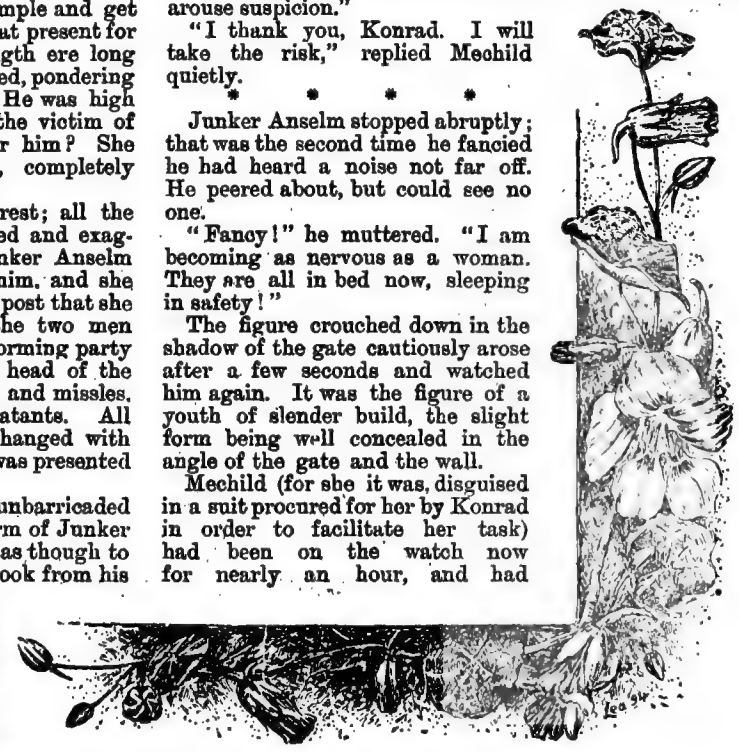
* * * *

Junker Anselm stopped abruptly; that was the second time he fancied he had heard a noise not far off. He peered about, but could see no one.

"Fancy!" he muttered. "I am becoming as nervous as a woman. They are all in bed now, sleeping in safety!"

The figure crouched down in the shadow of the gate cautiously arose after a few seconds and watched him again. It was the figure of a youth of slender build, the slight form being well concealed in the angle of the gate and the wall.

Mechild (for she it was, disguised in a suit procured for her by Konrad in order to facilitate her task) had been on the watch now for nearly an hour, and had



Digitized by Google

twice nearly betrayed her whereabouts in shifting her position for a better one. The movements of Anselm during the past few minutes had left her in breathless expectation. What was he doing? Where was the sentinel who should have met him at a certain distance?

His back was turned to her, and she crept cautiously from her corner to get a better view. She saw him lift a lantern and lower it over the wall, then he drew it up and laid it down by his feet.

Heavens! Was her dream really a warning? Had she been sent by a protecting Providence to thwart the schemes of a double-dyed traitor? Her brain reeled and she sank down in the angle. She could do nothing yet; there might be some mistake; she must wait.

Anselm did not move; he was intently watching. Minute after minute passed slowly, each one seeming an hour to the armourer's daughter. Not a sound could be heard; all was as quiet as the grave.

A movement on the part of Anselm made her shrink back into her corner; at the same time she thought she detected something like a dull murmur. Anselm descended and came towards the gate. Would he detect her? She held her breath as she crouched down and grasped her dagger. Nearer and nearer he approached her and she involuntarily tried to crouch lower at each step. Had he seen her? What was he about to do? She answered the last question in her own mind, but she scarcely dared believe it. But all doubt was set at rest when Anselm strode to the gate and lifted the beam out of the socket—the bolts had been already undone—and began to pull open the heavy gate.

The city was betrayed! Roused to action by the thought, Mechild sprang to her feet, and blew as loud a blast as she could on the little horn which Konrad had given her.

With an oath, Anselm rushed upon the supposed youth and grappled with him.

"Help! Oh, help!" cried Mechild, as she struggled desperately with the baffled Junker. The thought of Martin and the betrayed city gave her extra strength, but it was of little use against the powerful young noble. She heard the shouts of men streaming through the gate, the rush of men, and Konrad's voice in answer to her signal, the clash of arms, and the cries of the wounded, and she lost consciousness.

* * * * *

When Mechild came to herself she was in her own bed, and around her were Martin, her parents, and the doctor. She was too weak for an explanation, and it was nearly a week before she could relate her experiences and hear what had taken place afterwards. The enemy had been beaten back after a sanguinary encounter, and with heavy losses. Junker Anselm had been killed, and thus had escaped a traitor's doom. She had been rescued by her father and Konrad at the head of the smiths; only just in time, for she had fallen with a wound in her shoulder from Anselm's dagger.

The smiths kept the enemy at bay till help came, and the King's troops were driven back with heavy loss. Martin had been released and the Count had endeavoured to make amends by giving him an appointment. Anselm had been found in a dying state and had confessed. The disloyal citizens who had helped him were either dead or gone with the enemy.

The King finally raised the siege and thought it prudent to forget about the Crown property, for others were preparing for hostilities.

From that day the eastern gate was known as the Dream Gate, and the memory of Anselm has been prepetuated in the story of the "Traitor of Stuttgart."

G. D.

Google

A BROKEN MASK

BY JOAN BARRETT.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Strange Discovery.

Di resolved to go to the Towers the following afternoon and ask the caretakers for their master's address. It was quite impossible that Mrs. Caffyn would continue to accept the only excuse that Di had hitherto been able to give her as an explanation of Kitty's silence. Kitty could not be always supposed to be flitting from one Italian village to another, nor could the supposition of her having no settled address for any length of time be given as a good reason for her negligence in writing to the woman who had taken her mother's place, and loved Kitty so devotedly during her childhood and happy girlhood.

Would the Nabob suggest that Di should take Mrs. Caffyn into their confidence, and tell her the truth? Or would he prefer to leave Mrs. Caffyn in suspense, forcing her to believe in Kitty's chilled affection for her? One course or the other must be taken. When Di ordered the pony carriage she was told that the pony had a shoe loose.

The farrier lived at the extreme end of the village, between two cross roads, in a position that was certainly calculated to bring him custom from outsiders, but that was decidedly inconvenient for the farmers of Thorneydene. Luckily a carrier was returning to Leigh that afternoon, and Di took a seat in the low, tent-covered cart with a promise from Betty to send the pony trap after her to bring her home.

The carrier was a long time in reaching The Towers. It had been a bright afternoon when Di started, but before she got to her journey's end the sky was covered with grey clouds, and the shadows cast by a coming storm mingled with the dusk of the November evening.

The lodge at the entrance gates was empty when she passed through them into the grounds. There was a neglected look about the garden, and the house with yellow blinds shrouding all the windows had a dismal, cheerless appearance. The great brass knocker was dull and tarnished; a few weeds had pushed their inquisitive heads between the stones of the terrace steps, and a blue clematis trailed its long branches untidily from the columns of the verandah.

Di pulled the bell and caught its tinkle. It sounded strangely loud in the dead stillness. No reply came. She gave a longer and a harder pull, with the same result. Absolute stillness pervaded the great house. Thinking that the Marshalls must live in the servants' quarters right at the back of the house, Di made her way through a shrub over-grown path, dank with weeds, through a small green gate round to the back door. No answer succeeded her knock. With growing impatience she opened the door and stepped into the wide passage. Upon her left hand were the housekeeper's room and the servants' hall, that she knew; and upon the opposite side of the corridor were the kitchen, pantries and sculleries. She knocked upon the door of the housekeeper's room, and receiving no reply she went in. The cosy room showed signs of recent occupation. A bright fire was burning, and a kettle stood on the round trivet. A half-knitted sock laid upon the table, gay with a crimson cloth. Raising her voice she called, "Mrs. Marshall!" Outside she saw that a fine snow was beginning to fall, the grey shadows were stretching their mistiness over the ground, and among the almost barren branches of a tree the wind was sighing, and fluttering down some of the few remaining yellow leaves.

Di crossed to the kitchen. That was also empty, and there were no signs of recent occupation. The great room, with its high cupboards, big empty fireplace, and chilly-looking stone floor, felt like a vault. There was no one in the servants' hall. The long forms had been left around the dining-table that stretched its unpolished length from one end of the room to the other, bare and unlovely, and suggested a schoolroom, minus maps and globe.

Di went up a short flight of stairs, where a green baize-covered door shut away all sounds and opened into a corridor, where began the living rooms. She peeped into the dark, shrouded dining-room, then the drawing and morning rooms. The grey-white holland covers upon the chairs gleamed white, like grotesque ghostly apparitions in the silent, dusk filled rooms. Clearly no living creature was in the lower rooms. Di lingered a moment at the foot of the servants' staircase, and then, gathering her courage together, she sped quickly up the stairs. She paused at the head of the last step, impressed unpleasantly with the cheerless look of the dark, uninhabited house, and again she called: "Mrs. Marshall!"

She heard a mouse scamper away terrified at the sound of her voice. It gave the only sign that her voice had been heard.

With a shiver Di hastened to the far end of the corridor. The best bedrooms were in this part; she hoped that Mrs. Marshall might be found in one of them. Right at the end of the passage she came to an abrupt halt before a door—the door of Kitty's bedroom. The handle had been removed, but the key was in the lock, and its appearance suggested that someone had recently been in the apartment. Di wondered softly with that gnawing pain deepening at her heart, if Kitty's room was just as its late occupant had left it when she had abandoned all in her love for John Gillway. And that morbid pleasure that most women take in hoarding love letters that have been penned by fingers long stiffened in

death; of peeping with tear-blinded eyes at wee garments, whose tiny owners once beautified and invested with a loveliness that can never be blotted from a mother's memory; of treasuring relics that revive pain and sweet-bitter recollections, made Di turn the key and enter Kitty's room. Her step was very slow, almost reverential, as it crossed the thick pile of the carpet to the window. The blind was not drawn at one of the windows, and a pale grey shadowy light filtered through the panes. It was as though Kitty lay dead upon the large satin and lace-covered bed, and Di had come to weep over her cold, beautiful body.

There were no holland covers in this room. The pretty gold and white furniture seemed to have been untouched by housemaid's hand. Their mouldings were dust-filled; a delicate tracery of silken cobweb stretched from ceiling to chairs, and around the window-frames and over the door others hung. Upon the low mantel-board, Kitty's face, fresh and radiant in its youth and smiling beauty, looked across at a portrait of the Nabob, whose frank, laughter-filled eyes met his wife's pictured regard from the wall. On the dressing-table a dead bouquet of brown flowers spoke mutely to Di of the hand that had once held them.

There were bonnet pins, a brooch of Kitty's, and a little

She threw herself upon her knees by a couch.

pair of enamelled scissors resting on the broad frilled pincushion.

Di passed into the dressing-room. Here everything was prim and neat, but a hundred trifles recalled Kitty. Photographs, fans that the girls had bought together, a gay tambourine from Capri, shells, little souvenirs of birthdays, all stared at Di, and spoke to her of Kitty.

"Oh, Kitty," said Di aloud in her pain; and because she felt so miserable, and her heart yearned towards her sister, she threw herself upon her knees by a couch, and burst into futile tears.

Bang! It was the bedroom door. A gust of wind had slammed it. Di sprang to her feet, rushed into the bedroom and found that her fear had been realised. The door was shut, and there was no handle to open it!

Her first impulse was to shake it violently, then she kicked the lower panels, and shouted for aid at the very top of her voice. The wind had gathered in strength and fury. She heard it hissing through the corridor and moaning around the house like a lost soul sighing and lamenting for its dead past. The room was growing darker, the grey shadows seemed to have huddled together in the corners and behind the bed. An inexplicable terror seized Di. She who had ridiculed the visionary fears of other people felt herself growing cold. She renewed her attack upon the door, she screamed and shouted for assistance, and the wind mocked her efforts, and drowned them with its own shrill complaint.

"Hoo—hoo—hoo—hooh" it went, and then it laughed as only the wind can laugh.

Di went to a window, opened it, and put her head outside. The chill air almost took away her breath, the wind darted in, rustling the curtains and raising the pictures from the walls.

"Mrs. Mar—shall!" shouted Di.

A fan fell behind her, a fold of the lace curtains blew roughly in her face, and made her turn with a beating heart. Her voice sounded impotent and weak, but she called again and again. The sleet had turned to rain. It came in at the open window, beating rudely upon Di's hands and head, pattering upon the carpet with malicious pleasure. She could see the dim outlines of shrubs and trees through the sheet of driving rain and gathering darkness. Night had fallen, the night that she must pass alone in Kitty's abandoned bedroom.

"Oh, they must hear me! They *shall* hear me!" she cried aloud, and pulled down the window with an angry jerk.

She grew tired at last of shaking the door and of calling. Her arms ached with the violence of her exertions; her throat felt sore. But at the thought of her father's distress at her disappearance, new courage and strength filled her veins. Again she opened the window, and again the wind mocked with long drawn sobbing wails at her efforts to attract attention. The shadows deepened. Through the open window the rain drifted in. Kitty's portrait seemed to be the only white blot in the darkness. Di knew its exact position upon the mantel-board, and by some strange fascination her eyes obstinately riveted themselves upon that white-grey smudge.

Again she thrust her head from the window and shouted. Her voice wandered away and lost itself in the storm. If the caretakers at the back of the house heard it, they might well be pardoned for attributing it to the wind.

Something swift and cold and light touched Di's forehead as she drew her head into the room. It was like the touch of ghostly fingers, an eerie touch that made her shiver with nervous dread. Bah, it was only the curtain! How foolish she was! And yet, that growing terror kept her feet glued to the floor. She could not move them. In the surrounding shadows she heard the rapid throbbing of a heart. *Was she not alone?* Over her head she felt a cold wave pass; it ran from the nape of her neck down her back. She shrank nearer to the open window, cold with inanition and fear. There were candles upon the dressing-table, plenty of them; but she could not move a finger to light one and dispel the murkiness that made the room so ghostly.

"*Di!*"

What whisper was that? Did it pass her, or was it only the sob of the wind? And could the wind chill the warm blood in her veins, and send those awful tremours over her body? She was not superstitious. She tried to tell herself so.

"*Di!*"

The whisper came again, infinitely sad and soft. Oh for the courage to creep to the dressing-table and to light one of those candles! Strange faces seemed to leer at her in the darkness, hurrying footsteps raced through the corridor, the curtains rustled at her back and touched her as though they were endowed with life. She was vaguely aware that the back of her dress was wet, and that the rain had turned to snow.

Did something glide past her then? And why did Kitty's portrait gleam so white when other objects were only shapeless forms in the rooms? How foolish she was! Yes, that was the right name for her conduct—foolish, but not superstitious; she, Di, who was considered to be so practical and sensible, could *not* be superstitious. Yet, if that were indeed so, why did she crouch there upon the floor, palpitating with nameless terror? Of what was she afraid?

She was waiting for something. She did not know

what that something was; but a strange new instinct that appeared to have taken the place of reason in her bade her wait.

Gruesome churchyard stories flitted like ghosts themselves through her brain. Old Betty's narratives of weird dogs that crept stealthily from yawning graves to revisit the world, of haunted chambers where no man or woman dared sleep, of visions more wild and awful even than these unfolded their shadowy forms to Di.

"I ought to pray," she said to the heart whose loud throbs seemed to fill the room. "I am not superstitious, but I ought to pray."

"*Di!*"

A great wind wave, more rude and boisterous than any that had yet swept into the room, rushed in. Di's scream mingled itself with the crash of fallen china and the peevish rustling of the stiff silken bed hangings.

"Help! help! help!" screamed Di frantically from the window. She did not remember springing to her feet, but the spell was broken with the movement that she had made.

There followed a faint lull in the storm. It was as though Nature had ceased sobbing from very weariness, and in the hush Di caught the far-away sounds of church bells. The ringers were practising for Christmas.

A great calm came over the girl as she listened. She felt as though she had been out in the black night and the storm, and had just entered a warm haven of refuge.

"Ding-ding-dong-dell. Ding-ding-dong-dell!" went the bells, gladly and merrily, as they rose and fell upon the wintry air.

Di groped for the matches. She found a box in the tray that held a candle-stick, and with shaking fingers she struck one. She had not closed the window, dreading to lose the cheery voices of the bells. A puff of air extinguished the flickering light in a second.

It needed all her courage to close the window. But she was proud of the action, and now the match burnt readily and communicated its yellow-red flame to the many candles about the apartment.

Di lit them all. The light might attract attention, and through it her release might come. She drew up the blinds at the second window. The room looked cheerful and pretty in the soft candle light. She had not worn a watch, and the clock on the chimney-piece was not going. Mentally, she began to count the time that had elapsed since she had left home. The carrier had left Thorneydene at half-past one. He could not have reached The Towers earlier than half-past four. How long had she been in the room, half-an-hour, an hour, or more? Judging by her sensations she might have been a prisoner for ten. What would her father do when Alec returned with the empty pony carriage? He would perhaps think that Alec had not made proper inquiries at The Towers, and he might return to ask himself if she had not called. Mrs. Marshall would answer that she had not been there, and then Farmer Strange would go systematically from one friend's house to the other, asking for her, unless, in coming to The Towers, he saw the blaze of light in the upper storey and commented upon it to Mrs. Marshall.

Di rattled and kicked the door, and screamed until she had no strength left. Then recognising the utter futility of her exertions, she looked about the room for a book.

Kitty had always been a great devourer of novels. But the books that delighted Kitty did not interest Di, still she went into the dressing-room in the hope of finding something to pass the time.

In all the old rooms at The Towers great wardrobes were built into the walls. There were two in the dressing-room. Di opened one of them and closed it hurriedly. The collection of garments looked like headless ghosts suspended from the pegs.

No books were to be seen upon the tables. Thinking that they had been packed into a trunk that stood between the wardrobes, Di opened it. Like the wardrobe it was filled

Di lit them all.

with clothes. As she slid her fingers between the garments, they came in contact with some soft, furry object. Kitty had bought a fur-lined cloak not long before her disappearance, and Di's chilled condition induced her to pull out the intervening garments to get possession of it. So warm a wrap was not to be despised upon such a cold night.

The garment was twisted into a rough bundle. It felt very heavy. Di unrolled it, and gave a little exclamation. *It was a sealskin jacket.* Kitty had but one seal jacket, and in that jacket she had gone away! Yet this was clearly the same jacket. Had her maid made a mistake in telling the Nabob that her mistress had gone away in her new furs? Had Kitty worn the cloak?

At the bottom of the trunk Di saw a second rudely-twisted bundle. She took it out and opened it. A little seal toque, a muff to match, a thick pair of long gloves with seal cuffs, a green cloth gown, and a little pair of walking shoes fell upon the carpet, forming a complete costume. They were creased and crumpled, the dress was torn in one or two places, and all the garments looked as though they had been hastily rolled together and thrust out of sight.

Di examined each article separately, marvelling at her odd discovery. She opened the nearest wardrobe; it was quite empty. In the second one she found the new fur cloak. How had the maid committed such a strange error in describing the costume that Kitty had worn? But had she described it? She had not seen her mistress upon the day that she was missing. Evidently she had failed to discover the clothes in their usual places and so had jumped to the conclusion that her mistress had gone out in them. What had Kitty worn? And how came these garments to be rolled in these unsightly bundles when there was ample room in the second wardrobe to suspend them?

Di shook out the dress. The gathers at the back had been torn from the band, and the pocket hung by a thin shred of silk lining. It had been roughly used, and yet it was quite new!

Digitized by Google

That she felt frightened was evident.

The jacket bore no marks of ill-usage, and the cap and muff were in a similar condition. Who had hidden these things, and why? What had been the motive? The answer came as suddenly into Di's brain that it was almost as though a voice in the room had uttered it aloud!

"To lead people to believe that Kitty had gone away in them."

In her perplexity Di stared around the room. A strange thing met her eyes. The bell-pull near the dressing-table had been cut right away at the top.

She had not thought of ringing the bells, and now in this fresh access of alarm that chilled her, she ran eagerly into the bedroom, only to pause, with sharp terror and suspicion coursing through her mind. There was no cord. Like the pull in the dressing-room, it had been destroyed. *Why?*

CHAPTER XV.

Di has Suspicions.

Early upon the following morning the man who came to do an occasional job in the garden saw a white face at an upper window in the big house, and heard a girl's voice calling passionately for aid.

The man went to the housekeeper, who slept in a former pantry adjoining her room. She stared at him in mute, wild-eyed amazement when he related what he had seen and heard.

"It's rather early in the day to see sights like that, Reuben," she said sharply. "A girl at the window, indeed! You must be either drunk or daft, man, to say that to me."

"A man wi' good eyesight ain't obliged to be drunk or daft, Mrs. Marshall, to see things. I tell you there's a gal upstairs in one o' the rooms by the old wing, an' I heard her call, jest as plain as I sees you now, to be let out, an' what's more, she was wavin' a handerkercher, an' you'll see if you goes up."

The housekeeper's florid face paled. She caught her breath sharply, so that it hissed between her teeth. Such a terrified look came into her staring eyes that Reuben, being of a forgiving nature, suggested going upstairs with her. She waved him roughly aside.

"Upstairs! with them shoes all caked up with snow and slush! I wonder what next you'll want to do! Do you think carpets were meant to be walked on by the likes of you? Just go about your work, and don't let me hear another word of your nonsense!" she cried indignantly, and as Reuben declared that it was not such nonsense as she supposed, and that he knew what he had seen, she deliberately closed the big door in his face.

"He's as mad as a March hare!" she muttered, hurrying hastily up the stairs. She went straight to the door of her late mistress's room; the key laid upon the floor. Picking it up, she inserted it in the lock, and pushed the door open. The next moment she fell back with a shrill, terrified scream, as Di advanced towards her, pale and heavy-eyed with the long sleepless hours that she had passed.

"Good Heavens! Miss Strange, how did you come here?" the woman exclaimed in shaking tones.

Di explained, and asked if her father had not sent to inquire after her.

"A man did come about five o'clock last night, and wanted to know if you'd been here, and I told him that I hadn't seen you. He said that you'd perhaps taken a short cut across the fields home, and that he might overtake you where the field path ended! To think that you've been here all night! How frightened you must have been, Miss Strange. I never heard tell of such a thing, never! It's very odd that you didn't see me, considering that I never left my room from the time Marshall went away to see a sick friend at Leigh till Reuben came just now and told me that he'd seen you," said Mrs. Marshall very resentfully.

She had sunk helplessly into a chair, and she now looked at Di with the expression of one who felt aggrieved and injured. Perhaps she was blaming Di for the terror that her appearance had occasioned her. That she still felt frightened was evident; her lips twitched nervously, and her hands were shaking upon her lap.

"I looked in your room, and it was empty. I called your name a great many times, both down and upstairs. I should have rung a bell had there been one in Mrs. Eliot's rooms. Why have they been taken away?"

Mrs. Marshall glanced at the small remnant of cord hanging quite close to the ceiling, and the pallor of her cheeks deepened.

"I'm sure I don't know, Miss Strange," she answered sharply. "No doubt, Mr. or Mrs. Eliot could tell you; it's beyond me."

"It seems such an extraordinary action to cut off both bell-pulls."

"Some folks are apt to do extraordinary actions, Miss Strange," retorted Mrs. Marshall, with a glance that hinted plainly to whom she referred.

"If you will give me Mr. Eliot's address I shall feel greatly obliged," said Di, in her quiet voice. "I am anxious to return home; my father must feel very anxious about me."

Something in the girl's calm manner seemed to soothe the housekeeper's agitation. She glanced sharply at Di and then around the room. A broken vase upon the floor caught her attention.

"It fell down last night. I had the window open and was calling for help when the wind blew it from the table," said Di, reading the question in Mrs. Marshall's eyes.

"The wind was rough, Miss Strange. No wonder I didn't hear you, being so far off, too, and such a stormy night as it was! You must have heard a lot of queer sounds with the old wing so near this room, and I'm sure it must be full of rats and mice and bats, for it's never been opened in my time."

"I heard no noises."

"And you weren't frightened, miss?"

"Well, yes, I was at first," Di admitted. "But I soon got over that."

"You didn't sleep in the bed, miss? Why, how cold you must be! Didn't you wrap yourself up in nothing?"

"I got a cloak from the wardrobe."

"Well, I'm glad you weren't cold and frightened, that I am!" said Mrs. Marshall, with increasing composure and kindness. "It feels enough to freeze one up here. If you'll come down to my room, I'll give you some breakfast and find you Mr. Eliot's address. He wrote to me a few days ago asking if we'd got a situation to suit us, as if so, he'd put another couple in. But good places are hard to get, especially when you're two, and a bit particular about the family being all it should be, and Marshall and me have never been separated since we married, Miss Strange, and we don't want to take separate places if we can help it."

As she rose from her seat, Di saw her deliberately slip her handkerchief upon the floor. The action was done with intention, and although Di immediately averted her eyes, she knew that the woman was watching her.

"If it hadn't been for the wind slamming the door and cracking the handle, you wouldn't have been shut in here all night, miss," said Mrs. Marshall. "Mr. Eliot told me not to have any little repairs done until he'd been over the house himself with a man to give an estimate. There's a lot wants doing considering the short time we've been here. The men and girls are *so* careless!"

She followed Di from the room and down the stairs; at the foot she paused and thrust her hand in her pocket.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed. "I've dropped my handkerchief. Do you mind going on to my room, Miss Strange? There's a good fire, and I'll soon have a plate of buttered toast ready. I was getting my breakfast when Reuben came with his tale of seeing you and scared me out of my wits. Ugh, how chilly it is; don't stand still, miss, you will catch your death of cold."

"I'll go on," said Di. "It is awfully cold."

The baize-covered door closed noiselessly behind her tall figure. Mrs. Marshall waited a moment, listening with bated breath, and then, turning, she hastily retraced her steps to Kitty's room. She had barely disappeared when the baize door opened cautiously, and Di's head appeared. Having satisfied herself that the housekeeper was out of sight and hearing, Di ran rapidly and silently back to the corridor. The door of Kitty's room was open. With the courage of determination Di entered. It was empty. She passed into the dressing-room, not pausing to think of the excuse that she must necessarily make to the housekeeper if she were there. No one was in the room, but the doors of the empty wardrobe were wide open. As Di stared wonderingly in, she caught the sound of a far away click, and a rumble that seemed to be much nearer. It sounded like the rolling of a piece of furniture over bare boards, and it appeared to issue from the back of the old wardrobe.

But the next moment Di saw the back of the wardrobe move an inch or so; four broad red fingers peeped around the aperture clutching it. Di turned and raced down the stairs, through the green-covered door, helter-skelter into the housekeeper's room, where she threw herself upon her knees before the ruddy fire, and tried to tell herself that the baize door had made no noise, and that it never swung backwards and forwards after one had passed hurriedly through.

Mrs. Marshall coming into her snug little apartment a few minutes later with her handkerchief held ostentatiously in her hand, found Miss Strange in the same position. The heat from the fire had put a fine colour into the girl's cheeks, and one long coil of chestnut hair had escaped from its pins. Beyond that, there were no outward signs of flurry about Di, and Mrs. Marshall never suspected how hard it was for Di to say in a natural manner that she was dying of hunger, and longing for a cup of tea. Still less did the housekeeper guess with what difficulty Di sat quietly facing her, and ate and drank as though her sole idea was to satisfy her hunger and thirst.

Mrs. Marshall called Reuben and explained matters to him while Di was breakfasting. She ordered him to prepare a trap to take Miss Strange home to Greyhouse, and about half-an-hour later Di left by Reuben's side with the Nabob's address in her pocket, and her brain whirling with wild thoughts whose seeming madness and improbability terrified and bewildered her.

It was not yet nine o'clock. The sharp keenness of the frosty air retained the roses in Di's cheeks; the horse's hoofs rang out cheerily over the hard road, where little drifts of snow had frozen, and the hedges were white and glistening.

"Are you the only man at The Towers, Reuben?" Di asked.

The man shook his head, lightly flicking the horse with the whip. "There's Marshall, miss," he answered, "and there's Clayton, the groom. I only comes now an' then to do a turn in the garden. The Towers is altered to what it was. Mr. Eliot don't seem to be spendin' any money on nothing"—he broke off as though suddenly remembering that Di was Mr. Eliot's sister-in-law. "The garden's a reg'lar wilderness," he added dejectedly. "An' in usual they keeps five men on day by day, an' then there wasn't none too many hands for the size of the place. Lord Powers, he won't know it when he *do* come home!"

"Perhaps it will be put in order before his return, Reuben," said Di, nestling among her furs and trying to think collectedly.

Why had the door-handle and the bell-pulls been removed from Kitty's rooms? And what was concealed at the back of the wardrobe? Clearly there was something hidden away there, and Mrs. Marshall had feared that Di had discovered it. Then those bundles of Kitty's clothing? Di's head began to ache with thinking over so many problems.

"I'll write to Bernard," she told herself, "and tell him everything. He knows little about those Marshalls; he had them from a servants' registry; I remember his saying so at the time of the robbery. And the police suspected Mrs. Marshall—and she cried when she was afraid that

Di saw the back of the wardrobe move an inch or so.

Barnard thought she was connected with it. I always liked her until this morning. I never saw her so agitated or so rude before. She was afraid that I had found out something in the room. I wonder what there is to find?"

She turned to see who had startled her.

Old Betty was waiting at the garden gate with a face all puckered up with concern. She broke out into joyful ejaculations at sight of her young mistress.

"And dad; is he dreadfully upset, Betty?" Di asked eagerly, when she was at the old servant's side.

"It's a good thing as he didn't know anything about you stayin' out all night like this. One of the cows was took ill, and he's watchin' her all night long. The vet. thinks she'll die," answered Betty, "so I didn't say nothin' about you to him, an' I tole that Alec to bide his own business an' keep a still tongue; one worry's 'bout enough for the po'r man at a time, but wherever have you bin, Miss Di?"

Di told her, and then left her to seek her father. She found him in the yard looking so worried and anxious that her heart ached in sympathy with his trouble.

"Clover's dying, Di," he said; "no hope for her. There goes twenty-five pounds out of our pockets!"

"We'll sell the pony carriage and the pony too, and buy another Clover, daddy," whispered Di, laying her cold cheeks against his. "I never hardly use them."

"Kitty'll scold, my girl, if we do that," said her father.

"No, she gave them to me; I can do as I like with them."

Di returned to the house and exchanged her dress for a morning gown, before beginning her duties. It was Friday, and the bedrooms had to be turned out for red-armed Sally to scrub under Betty's superintendence, and every pot and pan and candlestick that could be polished had to be cleaned by Betty herself, while Di brushed the old silver, and dusted the rooms, and rubbed the oak furniture in the parlour until her arms ached with the energetic movement. And all the while those same puzzling questions kept tormenting her as she worked. Why had the bell pulls been cut and Kitty's clothes torn and hidden, and what was concealed at the back of the wardrobe?

Her duties were not ended until late in the afternoon. She wrote a long letter then to the Nabob and went out to post it. The post-office was quite half a mile from the house. It was the largest general shop in the village, and Di had to wait some time before she was served with her one penny stamp. As she came outside, thoughtfully putting the stamp in the corner of the envelope, a man, very much bent, and wrapped in a faded Inverness cloak, passed the open door, stared swiftly at Di, and followed her to the box in the wall. She was in the act of dropping the letter in the slit when the man coughed. Di started, the letter slipped and fell into the box with a faint, hollow rattle. She turned to see who had startled her, and as she turned the man drew himself up and pushed back the broad brim of his rusty felt hat. A faint cry of surprise and aversion fell from Di's lips. The man was John Gillway.

(To be continued.)

LOST!

On Saturday, June 19th, a young man, wearing a suit of clothes and a straw hat, set out for a bicycle ride, and has not been heard of since. It is feared that, not being provided with a reliable road map, he lost his way and perished in the wilds of Hampstead.

Take warning, therefore, and provide yourself with one of the *Athletic Record* County Road Maps. One is given away free with each copy.

FOUND!

A grand new idea has been found for providing readers of *Pearson's Weekly* against General Accident on Jubilee Day to the extent of £100, guaranteed by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited. The coupon will be found in the current issue. Even if you are not going to see the procession on that day, somebody you know and respect will be doing so. In which case, do them a good turn by showing them the coupon. £100 is not to be sneezed at.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Newsagent: "Excuse me smiling, miss, but THE BIG BUDGET is just out. It is screamingly funny. It contains Three Papers for a Penny, and may well be called the record paper of a record age."

A SHILLING FOR THE ASKING.

A Genuine Offer.

1/= We being of opinion that **HERBULINE** is not so universally known as its merits deserve, are prepared, as an advertisement, to give **TO EVERY APPLICANT** who observes the following conditions, the sum of **ONE SHILLING.** All you have to do is to get at Chemist or Stores a bottle of **HERBULINE.** Wrapped round the bottle you will find the **DIRECTIONS.** Take care of this, and write thereon the name of Chemist from whom bought, and date of purchase. With this enclose the **GOVERNMENT STAMP** taken from the neck of the bottle, and send to us with a stamped addressed envelope for the return of the 1/-. In this way you have **FREE** a bottle of **HERBULINE** to put to the test, and to learn that it can do what many thousands recommend it for. Do not think this other than a genuine business offer. As an advertisement it suits us better than having a distribution of **FREE SAMPLES.** If **HERBULINE** cannot be had in your neighbourhood we will send you a bottle by post on receipt of 1/4½. **1/=**

HERBULINE COMPLETELY CURES FOR 1/1½.

What Is It?

HERBULINE is a herb composition which does not injure the skin and is for external use only; it is the only remedy which attacks the disease as soon as it is applied.

HERBULINE

Is the only proprietary article able to print a list of rapid results such as fellows:

TOOTHACHE	cured in	30 Seconds.
NEURALGIA and TIC	,,	20 Minutes.
EARACHE	,,	10 Minutes.
CHILBLAINS	,,	8 Hours.
RHEUMATISM	,,	24 Hours.
INFLUENZA	,,	24 Hours.

TESTIMONY.

"Best cure I have had for Toothache."—E. H. WILLIAMS, 22, St John's Avenue, Manchester.

"I was very bad with Toothache, but **HERBULINE** cured me **instantly.** A better remedy not known—a good cure."—F. TUCKER, 36, Rose Head, Liverpool.

"I could find nothing to excel this valuable remedy. I was cured of Toothache after suffering for a whole year, when nothing else would cure it."—LIZZIE CAMPBELL, 41, Burnside Street, Glasgow.

PRESS.

"There are certain home remedies which should always be kept at hand in every household, and one of these is **HERBULINE.** Wherever it is tried relief is quickly gained, especially in the cases of those suffering from rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, toothache, and other complaints of a like nature. A piece of cotton-wool, soaked in **HERBULINE** and placed in an aching tooth produces magical relief, as all who have used it when suffering from toothache have discovered to their satisfaction. Cyclists should always have a bottle in their possession, for a little rubbed in the back and front of the chest will prevent cold. Mothers should always keep it in the nursery, especially those who have children liable to croup. **HERBULINE,** not being an expensive remedy, comes within the reach of everybody's pocket, and it is one of the best external remedies that have yet been discovered."

PUBLIC.

"St. Kilda, August 15th.

"SIR,—Your note of 14th July found me on my return to my island home, which reminded me of my promise to you. Our supply of **HERBULINE** has been exhausted some time ago by the natives of St. Kilda, and, as a result of its virtues, I am never without a supply. Some of my people who were afflicted with rheumatics found immediate relief from its application. Indeed, in every case to which it was applied, the result has proved **HERBULINE** to be a valuable remedy for removing pain. The St. Kildean's are loud in their praise of its virtues. You are at liberty to make what use you may of this. With kindest regards,

"(Signed), ANGUS FIDDES, Minister."

What Can It Do?

HERBULINE can and **does cure.** All that is necessary is to follow the instructions given with each bottle. Its merits are manifold. One trial convinces. Just try it.

HERBULINE.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

Bronchitis,
Asthma,
Sciatica,
Inflammation,
Pleurisy,
Fever,
Ague,
Cramp,
Croup,
Lumbago,
Sprains and Bruises.

TESTIMONY.

"I certainly was very dubious about **HERBULINE** when I tried it, but I found it cured my Neuralgia in less than **thirty minutes.**"—C. E. STERMAN, 32, Perth Street, Belfast.

"A most valuable preparation and for want of knowledge of which many suffer cruelly from Neuralgia."—F. HARRISON, 67, Princes Street, Manchester.

"I have been under treatment for four years with three of the best professors in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and only found relief in trying **HERBULINE.** The cure was complete in **twenty-five minutes.**"—W. S. ROSS, Marchfield, Edinburgh.

ASK FOR!
SEE YOU GET
HERBULINE.

Sold by Chemists, Stores, and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, or post free, 1/4½.

THE HERBULINE COY., 54, Bow Lane, London. E.C., and at Glasgow.

ASK FOR!
SEE YOU GET
HERBULINE.

Digitized by Google

Answers to Correspondents.

Student.—Procure from your bookseller some handbooks on Bimetallism. The subject is too vast a one to be discussed here.

S.—The cheapest restaurants in the world are to be found in Germany. For threepence an individual may obtain a capital meal of meat, bread, and coffee. Perhaps, however, it may be well to mention that the meat consists of horse-flesh.

W. S. P.—The sunflower crop is one of the best paying in Russia, where the seeds are greatly valued by the peasants. They are sold at the rate of 12s. a pound.

Bob.—Your patent leather shoes will require very careful treatment if they are to last for any length of time. To keep the leather soft, rub it occasionally with sweet oil, and then wipe the boots thoroughly with chamois. When the glaze becomes cracked apply a little varnish; it will go a long way towards hiding the deficiency.

A. D.—The opal is the only gem that cannot be successfully counterfeited.

H. O. P.—The Suez Canal shortens the voyage between London and Bombay by 4,265 miles.

Bab.—As the Bank of England receives the interest on the National Debt paid, and transacts other Government business, practically it might be termed a national institution.

S. H.—It has been estimated that a shrimp will produce 6,800 eggs annually; a prawn, 8,800; a lobster, 21,600; a herring 36,960; and a mackerel 454,651.

W.—The Government always withhold the fractions of a penny in their periodical distribution of dividends on account of the National Debt. From this source the State has accumulated the sum of £150,000.

Q. is a diligent reader of magazines and periodicals, but he says that he never yet remembers reading an interview with the Prince or Princess of Wales. "How is this?" he asks ——Simply because members of the Royal Family make it a rule never to grant interviews for newspaper reproductions. It may interest you to know that some time ago a reporter was dispatched to this country by the proprietors of an American newspaper in order to secure, if possible, an interview with Her Royal Highness. If the enterprising reporter proved successful, his reward was to be £500. Unfortunately for him his mission proved, as might have been expected, an utter failure, and he was forced to return to the States copyless.

Music.—The organ is certainly by far and away the finest of instruments. No music is so grand and inspiring as that produced by a good musician upon an equally good organ. No, the instrument to which you refer is not the largest in the world. This distinction belongs to the organ in the Town Hall, Sydney, N.S.W. It was built by a London firm, and took three years to complete.

Sweet Nineteen is engaged to a young fellow who is everything that is good with one exception. His great failing is his thirst after drink, and although Sweet Nineteen has done her best to reform him in this direction he still goes on in his wild career. He is in a good position, earning good wages, and my correspondent wonders whether it would be wise to marry him.——Do not think my advice unkind and unfeeling, but I certainly think you would be throwing your happiness completely away if you marry the young fellow you refer to whilst his intemperate habits exist. No matter how much you may love him you may be sure that if your influence is not sufficient to curb him now it will be even less when you are married.

J. G. was recently attracted to a certain place of amusement by a placard which was overflowing with the names of talented artists, but greatly to his chagrin not a single one appeared, their places on the programme being taken by what appeared to be only inferior amateurs. "Is there no law to stop such roguery?" J. G. asks wrathfully.——I am afraid not. It is quite a common thing for the managers of places of entertainment to lure visitors by these unscrupulous methods. We might well follow the example of Italy, where a manager is made liable to a fine of £100 if every act on his printed programme is not fully performed.

E. asks rather an interesting question: "Why are Londoners so unsociable?" ——This is a point rather difficult to answer. To the countryman born and bred, the unsociability of the metropolitan resident must be very marked, and I have heard of one family who lived in one particular house for over ten years without even knowing their next-door neighbour's name. Whilst I do not hold with the too forward party who wants to shake hands with you simply because he sends his shirts to the same laundry as you, I certainly think that Londoners might copy with advantage the social characteristics of their country cousins.

Tenby.—It is said to cost the railway companies thousands every year to keep down rats. It is not that the rodents relish railway travelling; the provisions to be conveyed by railway are more in their line of business.

Clergyman.—The Archbishop of Canterbury receives £15,000 a year, and the Archbishops of York and London £10,000 each respectively.

E. V.—Nearly double the beef is consumed in England as compared with mutton.

B. R.—Curiously enough the Duke of Devonshire does not own a single acre of land in the county from which he takes his name, although his estates are scattered over fourteen counties and cover more than 198,000 acres.

A.—Which Newton do you mean? There are no fewer than ten places in Great Britain bearing this name.

Mater.—The biggest baby show ever held was probably promoted at Melbourne, some years ago, on which occasion no fewer than 300 little cherubs were on view, and 30,000 people were attracted to the exhibition hall to see them. I quite agree with you that such exhibitions ought not to be encouraged.

G. S.—There are twenty monarchies and twenty-five republics in the civilised world.

Query asks: "Where can the cheapest railway ride in Europe be had?"—— In Hungary, where you can go from Buda-Pesth to Kronstadt, a distance of 457 miles, for which the fare, third class, is only six and eightpence, or at the rate of six miles a penny.

H. T.—Toothache is certainly one of the most racking pains the human frame is called upon to endure. There are heaps of alleged remedies, but none like having the tooth out. The nearest approach to a genuine salve is a little Herbuline. You should saturate a piece of cotton with it, and place it in the aching tooth. Moreover, I believe that Herbuline is quite excellent for cyclists to rub into the back and the chest. It will prevent cold if used after you get very wet. Don't drink it. The address of the company is 54, Bow Lane, E.C.

Since the introduction of the letter-card, a great deal of ingenuity has been expended in producing novelties in this line. Quite the most charming I have seen up till now are those sent me by Messrs. Langley and Sons, of 23, George Street, N.W. They are specially got up to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee. Some are named "the new valise shape," and others "the new saque shape."

POSTAL RATES.

Short Stories will be sent direct from these offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:

One Year	6s. 6d.
Half Year	3s. 3d.
Three Months	1s. 8d.

Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at "Pearson's Weekly" Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE NEW LEMONADE.

Many people suffer from extreme thirst during the hot weather. Messrs. Foster Clarke & Co. have supplied the want that has long been felt by making a concentrated lemonade. It is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemonade orchards. The lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the Eiffel Tower Concentrated Lemonade. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence halfpenny. If you cannot get it from your Grocer, send sixpence to G. FOSTER CLARK & Co., 290, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

"DRUNKENNESS"

CURE—... of Intemperate habits, will kindly send particulars of the remedy, on receipt of stamped envelope.—Mrs. S. S. BARRINGTON, 4, Featherstone Bldgs., LONDON, W.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

WITH FULL NATURAL FLAVOUR.

PALATABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR COD LIVER OIL.

Devonshire Cream

(REALLY GENUINE.)

In Patent Air-tight Tins.

Quarter Pound	10d.
Half Pound...	1s. 4d.
One Pound ...	2s. 4d.
Two Pounds	4s. 4d.

(including Tin and Postage).

MRS. CONYERS,
MORCHARD BISHOP,
DEVON.

JOLLY'S "DUCHESS" PILLS

For Pale Faces.

Anæmia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many pale faces we see at the present day. Anæmia is usually accompanied or followed by Indigestion or Debility, Irregularity, Depression of Spirits, Fatigue, Faintness, Nausea, Headaches, Pains in the Side and Back, Palpitation and Coughs. If neglected, more serious affections frequently follow. Jolly's "Duchess" Pills will restore colour, health, strength, and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion. A box containing 60 doses, sufficient to cure any ordinary case, post free 2/6, or six boxes for 12/6, from

BRITISH DRUGGISTS Ltd.,
219, Oxford Street, London, W.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR CATALOGUE OF CHEAP CROCKERY?

If not, please get a post-card, and send it to THE

PEARSON POTTERY CO.,
HANLEY,

and you will get it by return, together with particulars of the most wonderful package of crockery the world has ever seen.

100 PIECES for £1 1s.

100 PIECES for £1 1s.

This is the Pattern of the Dinner Service.

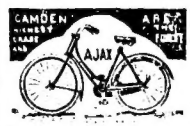
THOUSANDS SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

A Dinner Service of 50 pieces is included, which is guaranteed to be worth the guinea alone, and a China Tea Service of 28 pieces finished in gold, together with a lot of useful kitchen crockery.

Post-cards and Letters to be addressed to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY,
HANLEY, STAFFS.

Fully Guaranteed. Lists and Testimonials Post Free.



Over 1,000 New and Second-hand Cycles on Sale or Exchange.

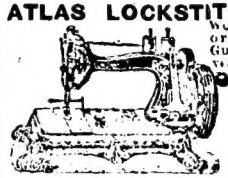
Easy Terms to suit all.

Tuition Free in School to Purchasers.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO. Ltd.,
42, HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON.

ATLAS LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.



Works by hand or treadle. Guaranteed 4 years. Equal in quality and size to any machine. To ensure satisfaction, we will send machine on receipt of 5/- P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5/- Monthly. Call or write for designs and samples of work.

39/-

THE ATLAS SEWING MACHINE CO.
188a, High St., Camden Town, London, N.W.;
63, Seven Sisters Rd., N.; 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

"JUNO" CYCLES

ARE THE VERY BEST.

RIGID. LIGHT. SWIFT.

JUNO Lady's Safety, £12 12s. 21s. monthly.

Send at once for JUNO Catalogue, sent post free to any part of the world. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO. LTD., 73 and 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.

N.B.—Every JUNO Guaranteed.

Now JUNO RIDING SCHOOL, 1,700ft., now open.

KOKO
FOR THE HAIR

ROYAL TESTIMONIAL.

"Berlin, Alsenstrasse,
"February 25th, 1896.

"'KOKO' for the Hair is the best dressing I know. It keeps the head cool, promotes growth, and is in every way excellent.

"PRINCESS HOHENLOHE."

ORDER FROM ROYALTY.

"Detmold-Lippe, Germany.

"I beg you to forward by return 6 Bottles of 'KOKO.' It is for H.R.H. Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe"

(Grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and sister to the German Emperor.

MISS ELLEN TERRY,

The Great Actress, writes:

"I have used 'KOKO' for the Hair for years, and can assure my friends that it stops the hair from falling off, promotes growth of the hair, eradicates dandriff, and is the most pleasant dressing imaginable."

The Celebrated Authoress,

MRS. E. LYNN LINTON,

"Brougham House, Malvern.

"Dear Sir,—I have used your 'KOKO' now since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which has been excessive after a severe illness, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing test of the value of your preparation."

J. EDGHILL COLES, ESQ.,

A wealthy retired City merchant, writes:

Arundel House, Putney, July 9, 1896.

"Gentlemen,—I am now convinced that, without exception, 'KOKO' is the best preparation possible for restoring hair. I was quite bald on the front, top, and back of my head, and I have now a fine crop of hair. I am strongly of opinion that if the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales and his good brother knew your 'KOKO,' they would use it. . . . I am willing to answer any question from anyone on the subject.

"P.S.—I enclose my photo, just taken, and I consider it a marvellous recovery of my hair, especially as I am over 60 years of age. It is also a splendid specific for headache, and an excellent tonic."

JOHN STRANCE WINTER,

Author of "Bootle's Baby," writes:

"Most decidedly use 'KOKO.' It will stop your hair from falling off. I happen to know, because I have tried it myself. It is a nice, clean, preparation — not sticky or greasy."

1s., 2/6, and 4/6, of all Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.

1s., 2/6, and 4/6, of all Chemists, Stores, etc.

"KOKO" is an invigorating preparation for the Hair. It eradicates scurf and dandriff, prevents the hair falling and turning grey, strengthens the roots, and acts as a stimulating tonic to the hair. It is delightfully cooling and refreshing, and contains no colouring matter or dye. Sold Everywhere, or sent post free by the Koko Maricopas Co. Ltd., 16, Bevis Marks, and 233, Regent St., London.